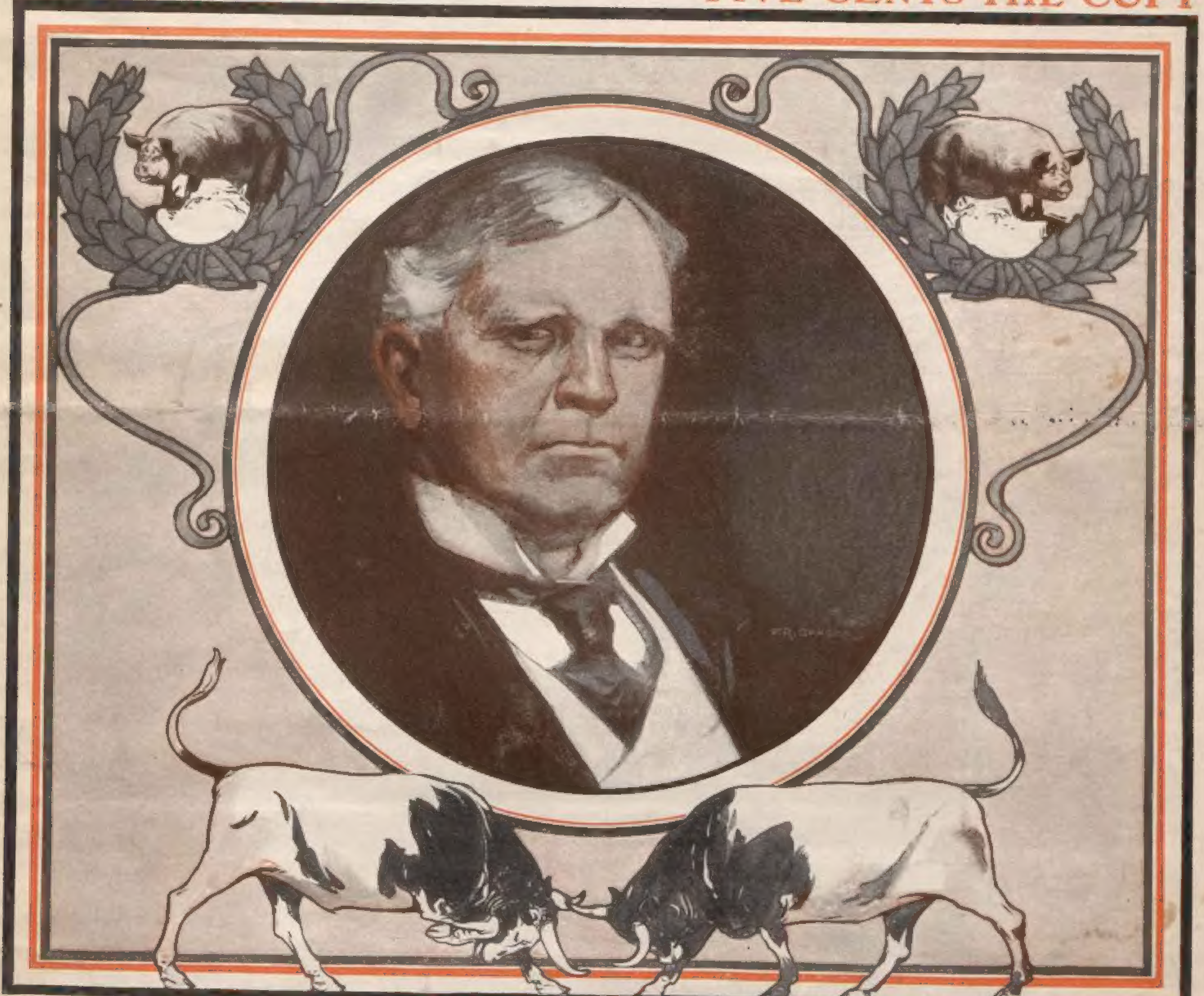
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 3, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

BANKING BY MAIL

This bank accepts deposits by mail in any amount from $1 up and allows

4% Compound Interest

What better investment for savings can you get than this?

The following table shows the rapid growth of small weekly savings:

Weekly Savings	Rate of Interest	For 5 Years	For 10 Years	For 20 Years	For 40 Years
$0.25	FOUR Per Cent. per annum, compounding twice a year, 1st May and 1st November.	$ 73	$ 162	$ 403	$ 1,294
.50		146	324	806	2,588
1.00		293	650	1,614	5,177
2.00		586	1,301	3,228	10,355
5.00		1,463	3,252	8,070	25,888

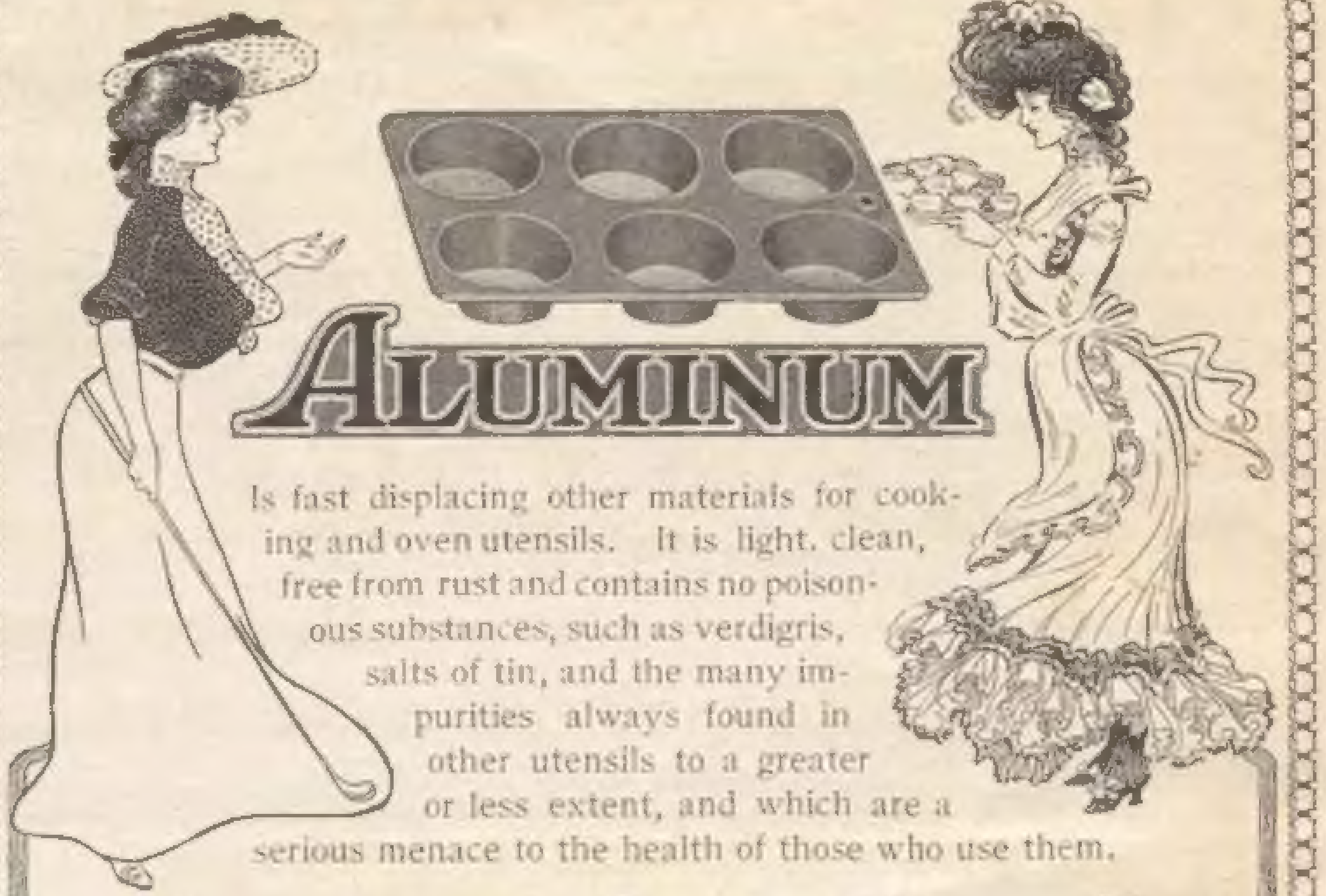
This bank originated the banking by mail system. It has depositors in all parts of the civilized world.

Booklet and full information sent free if you mention The Saturday Evening Post

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOUNDED 1866

Capital, Surplus and Profits, $1,116,000.00



ALUMINUM

Is fast displacing other materials for cooking and oven utensils. It is light, clean, free from rust and contains no poisonous substances, such as verdigris, salts of tin, and the many impurities always found in other utensils to a greater or less extent, and which are a serious menace to the health of those who use them.

Aluminum Oven Utensils

Are better, stronger and more durable than all others. Require little or no greasing. Bake and brown evenly. Make breads lighter and more delicate to the taste. Cannot chip. Easily cleaned. Last a life-time. Require less heat in oven, thereby saving fuel.

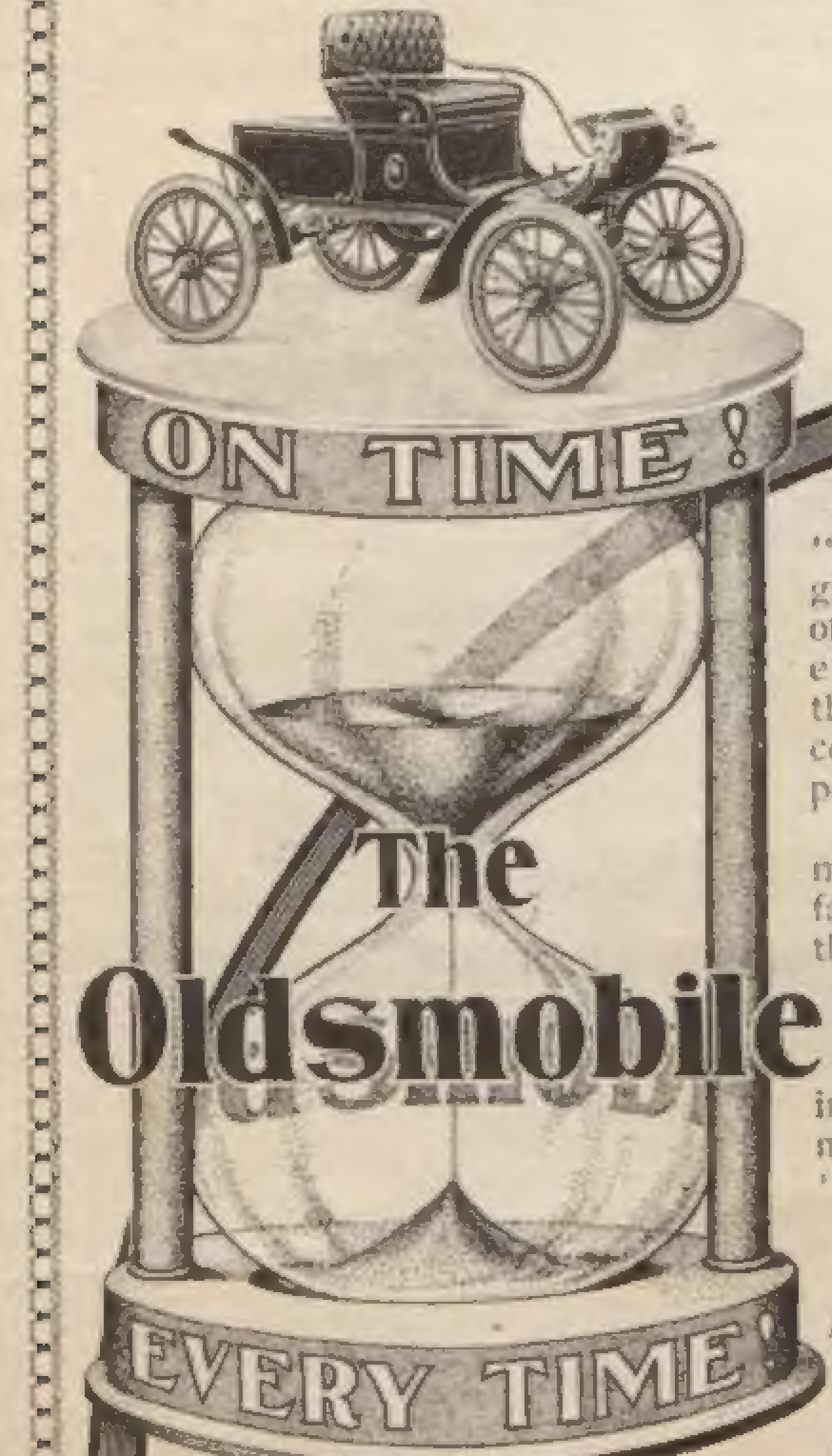
SEND 50 CENTS

and get this **Solid Aluminum Six Hole Muffin Pan** — or 75 cents for a **Nine Hole Pan.** Charges paid. A trial of these goods will convince you of their superiority.

ALUM INUM A.C.U.CO.

Booklet and catalogue describing "Everything for the Kitchen in Aluminum," free for the asking. Our trade-mark on every piece.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO., Box A, Pittsburgh, Pa.


ON TIME!
The Oldsmobile
EVERY TIME!

The Oldsmobile is always "on time." Its perfect engine (the heart and brains of the machine) responds to every demand. Twenty-three years in gasoline engine construction gives us the experience essential to success.

The smooth, easy running motor supplies a steady, unfailing power varied at will by the "speeder" or spark lever so that appointments may be kept with certainty. Each part of the Oldsmobile works in perfect accord with the entire mechanism so there truly is *"Nothing to watch but the road."*

Price $650.00

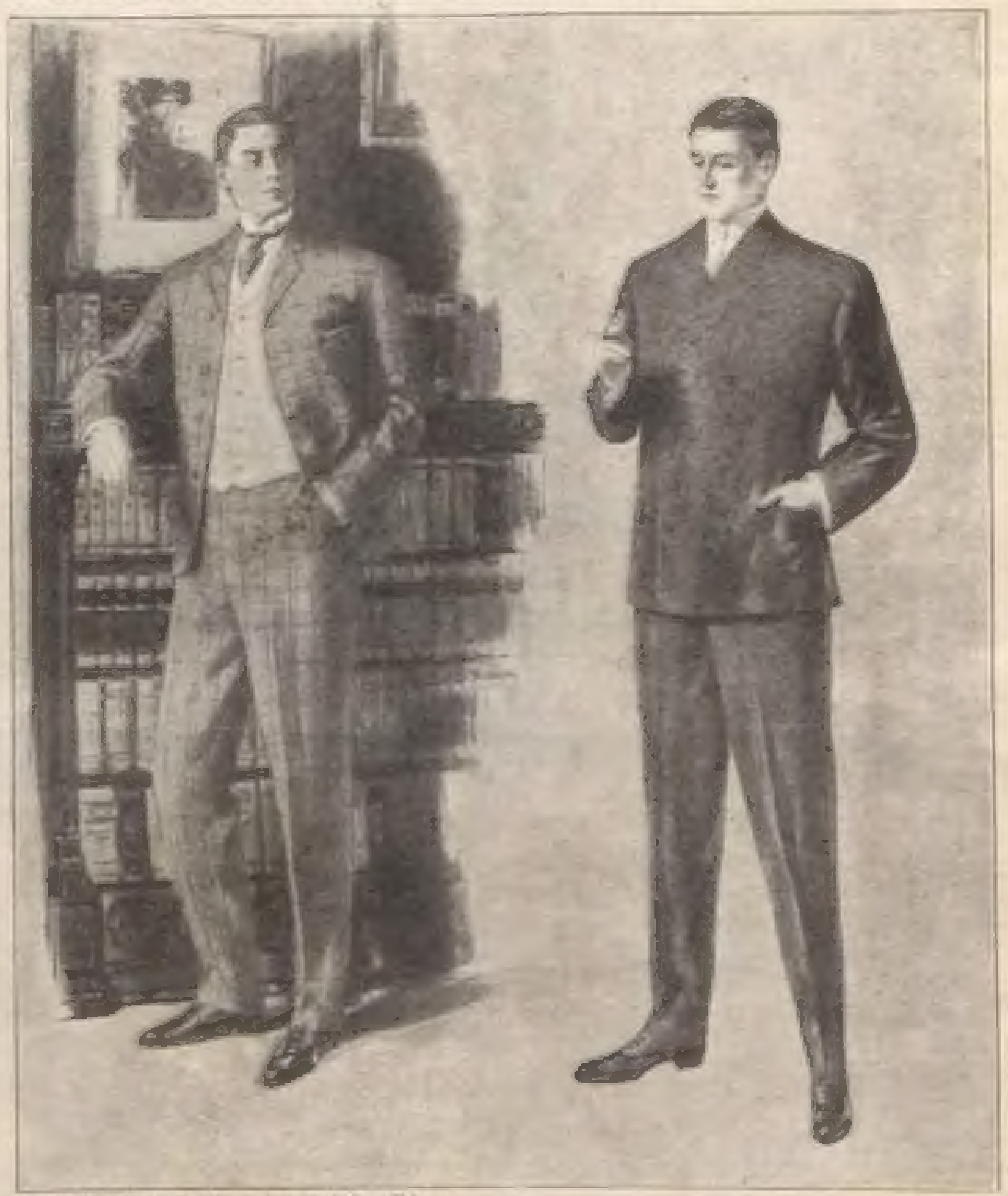
Ask any of our Selling Agencies to show you how the Oldsmobile "goes."

Write for illustrated catalogue to Department G.

Olds Motor Works

DETROIT, U. S. A.

Members of the Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Copyright 1903, by B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Chicago.

THE "LENOX" AND THE "PORTLAND" SUITS

are two of the neat and graceful Fall and Winter Garments in

KUPPENHEIMER GUARANTEED CLOTHES

There are many handsome Suits and Overcoats made from superior fabrics in a manner to please the most fastidious. Most of the up-to-date clothiers can and would be pleased to show them to you.

The Review of Fashions, Vol. XI, shows the new clothes for Fall and Winter, sent for the asking.

B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO., AMERICA'S LEADING CLOTHES MAKERS

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

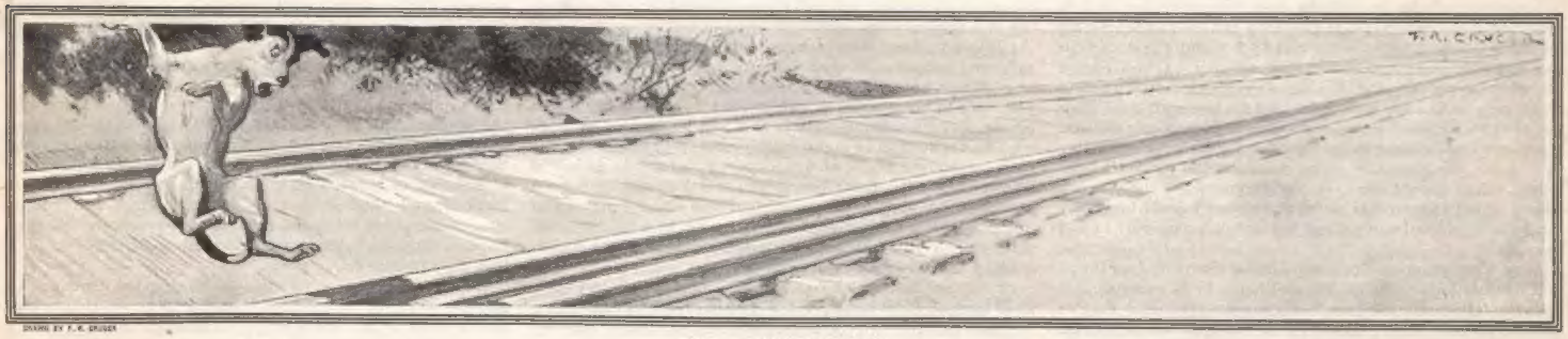
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1903 Number 14

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of
Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

Copyright, 1903, by George Horace Lorimer. Copyright in Great Britain



DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

FULL OF INFORMATION

I—From John Graham, head of the house of Graham and Company, pork packers, in Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as Old Gorgon Graham, to his son Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards. The Old Man is laid up temporarily for repairs, and Pierrepont has written asking if his father doesn't feel that he is qualified now to relieve him of some of the burden of active management.

CARLSBAD, October 4th, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: I'm sorry you ask so many questions that you haven't a right to ask, because you put yourself in the position of the inquisitive bull pup who started out to smell the third rail on the trolley right-of-way—you're going to be full of information in a minute.

In the first place, it looks as if business might be pretty good this fall, and I'm afraid you'll have your hands so full in your place as Assistant Manager of the Lard Department that you won't have time to run my job, too.

Then I don't propose to break any quick promotion records with you, just because you happened to be born into a job with the house. A fond father and a fool son hitch up into a bad team, and a good business makes a poor family carryall. Out of business hours I like you better than any one at the office, but in them there are about twenty men ahead of you in my affections. The way for you to get first place is by racing fair and square, and not by using your old daddy as a springboard from which to jump over their heads. A man's son is entitled to a chance in his business, but not to a cinch.

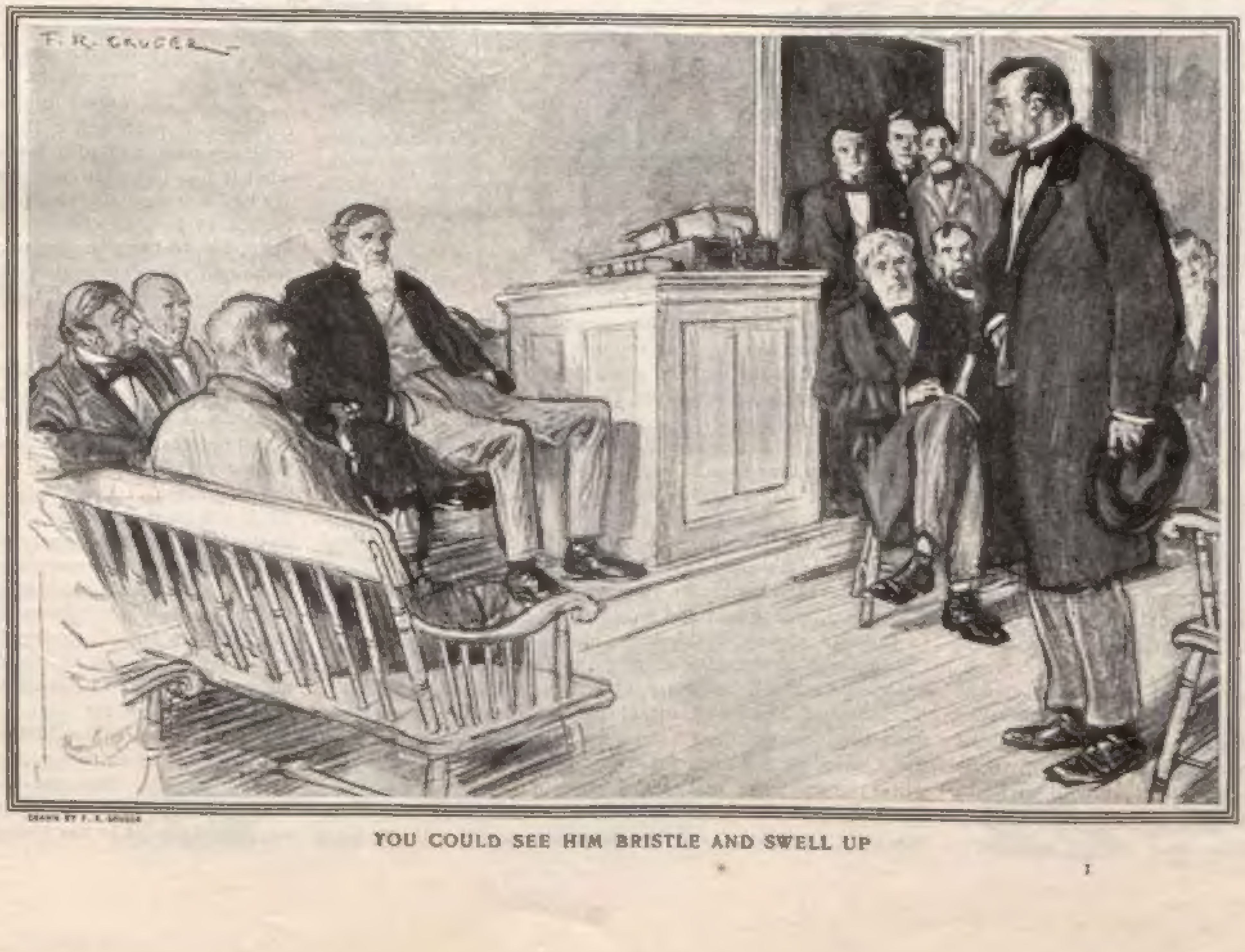
It's been my experience that when an office begins to look like a family tree you'll find worms tucked away snug and cheerful in most of the apples. A fellow with an office full of relatives is like a sow with a litter of pigs—apt to get a little thin and peaked as the others fat up. A receiver is next of kin to a business man's relatives, and after they are all nicely settled in the office they're not long in finding a job for him there, too. I want you to get this firmly fixed in your mind, because while you haven't many relatives to hire, if you ever get to be the head of the house you'll no doubt marry a few with your wife.

For every man that the Lord makes smart enough to help himself He makes two who have to be helped. When your two come to you for jobs, pay them good salaries to keep out of the office. Blood is thicker than water, I know, but when it's the blood of your wife's second cousin out of a job, it's apt to be thicker than molasses—and stickier than glue when it touches a good thing. After you have found ninety-nine sound reasons for hiring a man, it's all right to let his relationship to you be the hundredth. It'll be the only bad reason in the bunch.

I simply mention this in passing, because, as I have said, you are not likely to be hiring men for a little while yet. But so long as the subject is up I might as well add that when I retire it will be to the cemetery. And I should advise you to anchor me there with a pretty heavy monument, because it wouldn't take more than two such statements of manufacturing cost as I have just received from your department to bring me back from the graveyard to the Stock Yards on the jump. And until I do retire you don't want to play too far from first base. The man at the bat will always strike himself out quick enough if he has forgotten how to find the pitcher's curves, so you needn't worry about that. But you want to be ready all the time in case he should bat a few hot ones in your direction.

Some men are like oak leaves—they don't know when they're dead, but still hang right on; and there are others who let go before anything has really touched them. Of course, I may be in the first class, but you can be dead sure that I don't propose to get into the second, even though I know a lot of people say I'm an old hog to keep right along working after I've made more money than I know how to spend, and more than I could spend if I knew how. It's a mighty curious thing how many people think that if a man isn't spending his money their way he isn't spending it right, and that if he isn't enjoying himself according to their tastes he can't be having a good time. They believe that money ought to loaf; I believe that it ought to work. They believe that money ought to go to the races and drink champagne; I believe that it ought to go to the office and keep sober.

When a man makes a specialty of knowing how some other fellow ought to spend his money he usually thinks in millions and works for hundreds. There's only one poorer hand at figures than these over-the-left financiers, and he's the fellow who inherits the old man's dollars without his sense. When a fortune comes without calling it's apt to leave without asking. Inheriting money is like being the second husband of a Chicago grass-widow—mighty uncertain business, unless a



YOU COULD SEE HIM BRISTLE AND SWELL UP

fellow has had a heap of experience. There's no use explaining when I'm asked why I keep on working, because fellows who could put that question wouldn't understand the answer. You could take these men and soak their heads overnight in a pailful of ideas and they wouldn't absorb anything but the few loose cuss-words that you'd mixed in for flavoring. They think that the old boys have corraled all the chances and have tied up the youngsters where they can't get at them; when the truth is that if we all simply quit work and left them the whole range to graze over, they'd bray to have their fodder brought to them in bales, instead of starting out to hunt the raw material, as we had to. When an ass gets the run of the pasture he finds thistles.

I don't mind owning up to you, though, that I don't hang on because I'm indispensable to the business, but because business is indispensable to me. I don't take much stock in this indispensable man idea, anyway. I've never had one working for me, and, if I had, I'd fire him, because a fellow who's as smart as that ought to be in business for himself; and if he doesn't get a chance to start a new one, he's just naturally going to eat up yours. Any man can feel reasonably well satisfied if he's sure that there's going to be a hole to look at when he's pulled up by the roots.

I started business in a shanty, and I've expanded it into half a mile of factories; I began with ten men working for me, and I'll quit with ten thousand; I found the American hog in a mud puddle, without a beauty spot on him except the curl in his tail, and I'm leaving him nicely packed in fancy cans and cases, with gold medals hung all over him. But after I've gone some other fellow will come along and add a post-graduate course in pork packing, and make what I've done look like a country school just after the teacher's been licked. And I want you to be that fellow. For the present, I shall report to the office as usual, because I don't know any other place where I can get ten hours' fun a day, year in and year out.

After forty years of close acquaintance with it I've found that work is kind to its friends and harsh to its enemies. It pays the fellow who dislikes it his exact wages, and they're generally pretty small; but it gives the man who shines up to it all the money he wants and throws in a heap of fun and satisfaction for good measure.

A broad-gauged merchant is a good deal like our friend Doc Graver, who'd cut out the washerwoman's appendix for five dollars but charge a thousand for showing me mine—he wants all the money that's coming to him, but he really doesn't give a cuss how much it is, just so he gets the appendix.

I've never taken any special stock in this modern theory that no fellow over forty should be given a job, or no man over sixty allowed to keep one. Of course, there's a dead line in business, just as there is in preaching, and fifty's a good, convenient age at which to draw it; but it's been my experience that there are a lot of dead ones on both sides of it. When a man starts out to be a fool, and keeps on working steady at his trade, he usually isn't going to be any Solomon at sixty. But just because you see a lot of bald-headed sinners lined up in the front row at the show, you don't want to get humorous with every bald-headed man you meet, because the first one you tackle may be a deacon. And because a fellow has failed once or twice, or a dozen times, you don't want to set him down as a failure—unless he takes failing too easy. No man's a failure till he's dead, or loses his courage, and that's the same thing. Sometimes a fellow that's been batted all over the ring for nineteen rounds lands on the solar plexus of the proposition he's tackling in the twentieth. But you can have a regiment of good business qualities, and still fail without courage, because he's the colonel, and he won't stand for any weakening at a critical time.

I learned a long time ago not to measure men with a foot rule, and not to hire them because they were young or old, or pretty or homely, though there are certain general rules you want to keep in mind. If you were spending a million a year without making money, and you hired a young man, he'd be apt to turn in and double your expenses to make the business show a profit of five hundred thousand, and he'd be a mighty good man; but if you hired an old man, he'd probably cut your expenses in half and show up the half million saved on the profit side; and he'd be a mighty good man, too. I hire both and then set the young man to spending and the old man to watching expenses.

Of course, the chances are that a man who hasn't got a good start at forty hasn't got it in him, but you can't run a business on the law of averages and have more than an average business. Once an old fellow who's just missed everything he's sprung at gets his hooks in, he's a tiger to stay by the meat course. And I've picked up two or three of these old man-eaters in my time who are drawing pretty large salaries with the house right now.

Whenever I hear any of this talk about carting off old fellows to the glue factory I always think of Doc Hoover and the time they tried the "dead-line-at-fifty" racket on him, though he was something over eighty when it happened.

After I left Missouri, Doc stayed right along, year after year, in the old town, handing out hell to the sinners in public, on Sundays, and distributing cornmeal and side-meat to them on the quiet, weekdays. He was a boss shepherd, you bet, and he didn't stand for any church rows or such like nonsense among his sheep. When one of them got into trouble, the Doc was always on hand with his crook to pull him out, but let an old ram try to start any stampede-and-follow-the-leader-over-the-precipice foolishness, and he got the sharp end of the stick.

There was one old billy-goat in the church, a grocer named Deacon Wiggleford, who didn't really like the Elder's way of preaching. Wanted him to soak the Amalekites in his sermons, and to leave the grocery business alone. Would holler Amen! when the parson got after the money changers in the Temple, but would shut up and look sour when he took a crack at the short-weight prune sellers of the nineteenth century. Said he "went to church to hear the simple gospel preached," and that may have been one of the reasons, but he didn't want it applied, because there wasn't any place where the Doc could lay it on without cutting him on the raw. The real trouble with the Deacon was that he'd never really got grace, but only a pretty fair imitation.

Well, one time after the Deacon got back from his Fall trip North to buy goods he tried to worry the Doc by telling him that all the ministers in Chicago were preaching that there wasn't any super-heated hereafter, but that each man lived through his share of hell right here on earth. Doc's face fell at first, but he cheered up mightily after nosing it over for a moment, and allowed it might be so; in fact, that he was sure it was so, as far as those fellows were concerned—they lived in Chicago. And next Sunday he preached hell so hot that the audience fairly sweat.

He wound up his sermon by deploring the tendency to atheism which he had noticed "among those merchants who had recently gone up with the caravans to Babylon for spices"—(this was just his high-toned way of describing Deacon Wiggleford's trip to Chicago in a day coach for groceries)—and hoped that the goods which they brought back were better than the theology. Of course, the old folks on

(*Continued on Page 20*)

A Senator of Two Republics

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

By G. G. Vest

Ex-Senator from Missouri

THE career of Judah P. Benjamin is without a parallel. It cannot be said of him, as of Mazeppa, that bound, naked, bleeding and alone he passed the desert to a throne, but it can be truthfully written that, when a fugitive and an outcast, he crossed the ocean to become the first lawyer in England and leader of the most aristocratic and exclusive bar in the world.

This phenomenal success was achieved by a man who was both a Jew and an alien, and who had never practiced his profession where the common law of England prevailed, but had risen to eminence as a lawyer in Louisiana, the only State of the Union in which the civil law had been adopted. Although Mr. Benjamin spoke French with as much fluency as he did English, and had relatives and friends in France, he selected England as his future home because the commercial and business interests of that country were greater than those of France, and litigation, consequently, more important and remunerative to the legal profession. Besides this, the career of D'Israeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, had shown that in England a Jew might rise to the highest position, if possessed of the requisite talent and energy. Mr. Benjamin was not ashamed of his Jewish lineage, but rather proud of it, and never failed to make an eloquent and vigorous defense of the Jewish people. Several years before the Civil War he was a candidate for the United States Senate in Louisiana, and General Henry Gray, afterward a member of the Confederate House of Representatives, and a gentleman of high character and great ability, was his opponent. They canvassed the State, speaking together at all appointments, and when they met at Shreveport toward the close of the canvass, which had been an exceedingly acrimonious one, General Gray was imprudent enough to taunt Benjamin by saying that his forefathers had crucified the Saviour of the world. The reply of Benjamin was a memorable one. "It is true," he said, "that I am a Jew, and when my ancestors were receiving the Ten Commandments from the immediate hand of Deity, amidst the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, the ancestors of my opponent were herding swine in the forests of Great Britain." It will be seen that in this single sentence Benjamin paid the highest compliment to the Jewish race and at the same time appealed to their well-known prejudice against an animal pronounced unclean by the Mosaic law.

I knew Mr. Benjamin very well and met him often at Richmond, where he lived continuously from the beginning to the end of the war, being a member of President Davis' Cabinet and discharging during the four years the duties of Attorney-General, Secretary of State and Secretary of War. The office of Attorney-General imposed practically no labor upon the incumbent, as it was not considered necessary by the Confederate Congress to establish a Supreme Court while the existence of the Confederate Government was dependent upon the result of war, and the old Latin maxim was fully accepted, "*inter arma silent leges.*" At one time Mr. Benjamin acted as both Secretary of State and Secretary of War, although his profession and tastes did not qualify him for the conduct of military affairs. In one respect he was the most remarkable man I have ever known. He was capable of performing the intellectual labor of a dozen ordinary men, and told me once that he had never known what it was to be fatigued by professional or official duties. He had a strong, massive physique, being about five feet six inches in height, with broad shoulders and a well-formed head, his features being unmistakably Oriental but handsome and very expressive; his eyes were black and piercing, and his voice had the strong, resonant tones of the bugle, with the softness of a flute.

President Davis and Mr. Benjamin had served together in the Senate of the United States, and the speech of the latter when leaving the Senate, after the secession of Louisiana, was one of the most eloquent and pathetic ever heard in Washington City. His talents and acquirements were well known to Mr. Davis, and it is not strange, therefore, that the President of the Confederate States relied more upon Benjamin than upon any of those with whom he had served in the United States Senate when the terrible responsibilities of inaugurating and carrying on a new Government were to be met. Mr. Benjamin's reputation as a lawyer and Senator had been fully established before Louisiana seceded from the Union. In his profession, although comparatively a young man, he had no superior in the United States, and, above all the men I have ever known, he excelled in clear, analytical statement.

The late Associate Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court told me that the first time Benjamin appeared in the Supreme Court his opponent was Jerry Black, of Pennsylvania, unquestionably one of the most eminent lawyers in the United States. The case was a very

---

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in the present series of Senator Vest's reminiscences.

important one, from New Orleans, and the amount in controversy very large. When Benjamin, who represented the plaintiff in error, arose to open the case it was but half an hour before the noon recess, and he said that he should content himself by simply stating his case and should reserve his argument of the legal questions involved until his opponent had been heard in the afternoon. Justice Field declared that he had never listened in all his experience to a statement so lucid, comprehensive and convincing as that made by Benjamin, and when the Judges filed off the bench at one o'clock for the ordinary one hour's recess he said to Black, as he passed him, "You had better look to your laurels, for that little Jew from New Orleans has stated your case out of court."

Some months after I became a member of the United States Senate I asked Dennis Murphy, who had been official reporter of the Senate for nearly forty years and was himself a lawyer of considerable ability and one of the best-informed men on all subjects I have ever known, who, in his judgment, was the ablest and best-equipped Senator he had known during his service as reporter. He replied, without hesitation, Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana. This opinion he supplemented by the statement that he did not mean to say that Benjamin was the greatest political leader or statesman whom he had known, but, without reservation, he believed him to be the most accomplished and best-equipped public man he had ever met. From what I knew of Mr. Benjamin, the opinion of Murphy was not at all surprising, for in more than a quarter of a century's service with the ablest public men of both the North and South, I can say deliberately that, though I have known greater leaders in legislation and political management than Judah P. Benjamin, I have never met his equal as an accomplished, well equipped and ready debater and legislator.

The Fall of King Cotton

I FIRST heard Mr. Benjamin speak when he appeared in the Confederate House of Representatives to defend his budget as Secretary of State, the English practice being established in the Confederate States of permitting members of the Cabinet to appear on the floor of either House of Congress to explain and defend such legislation as they deemed necessary. On the occasion to which I allude Mr. Benjamin appeared for the purpose of discussing the question raised by an application of certain French citizens to the Confederate authorities for the release to them of a large quantity of tobacco which they claimed to have purchased in the Confederate States prior to the beginning of the war and which they were anxious to remove from the Confederate lines. Wiley P. Harris, of Mississippi, one of the ablest lawyers in the South, was chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Confederate House of Representatives and disagreed with Mr. Benjamin as to the policy of releasing the tobacco claimed by French citizens, and the debate between these two eminent lawyers was one of the ablest to which I have ever listened. It extended to many questions of the highest importance, such as the rights of belligerents and neutrals in regard to property claimed by the latter and alleged to have been purchased before the commencement of hostilities. During the progress of the debate it was made evident that Mr. Benjamin and a large majority of the House believed that cotton was king, and that it was only necessary to shut off the cotton supply from England to force a recognition of the Confederate States as an independent Government. Debow's Review, which had been a sort of household political Bible with the politicians and planters of the South prior to the war, had sown the seed for this pernicious opinion, and no one was more thoroughly convinced of its truth than Mr. Benjamin. The only public man in the South who opposed in either House of the Confederate Congress the doctrine that cotton was king, and that a cotton famine in Europe, and especially in England, would do more than infantry and artillery together to achieve independence for the Confederate States, was William Ballard Preston, of Virginia, a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederacy, who delivered at Richmond, after that city had been made the Capital of the Confederate States, an eloquent argument in favor of selling every bale of cotton then in the Confederacy to the English, who were anxious to purchase, and whose ships were then ready and waiting to transport this cotton to the English cotton-spinners. Mr. Preston urged with great force that the blockade was then only nominal but that in a short time it would be impossible to ship the cotton in the Southern States abroad, and that it would either be captured by the enemy or destroyed by the Southern owners to prevent its falling into hostile hands. The result showed that Mr. Preston was right, for, instead of selling the cotton to foreigners as he suggested, and thereby creating a fund which would have enabled the Confederacy to carry on the war for years, the cotton in the Southern States when the war began was either captured by the United States forces or destroyed by the Confederates in order to prevent its capture, and the Confederate cause was lost, after four years' desperate war, not so much for the want of men as for the want of money and resources.

So confident was Mr. Benjamin that England would be compelled to recognize the independence of the Confederate States in order to obtain cotton for the English factories that he devoted all his talent and energy to sending abroad diplomatic agents who could manage successfully the cause of the Confederacy at foreign courts, and especially with the wealthy commercial interests abroad. William L. Yancey, Mason, Slidell, L. Q. C. Lamar and Clement C. Clay were sent to France and England as diplomatic representatives of the Confederate Government; but though Louis Napoleon, the French Emperor, was disposed to be friendly to the Confederacy, it is well known that Queen Victoria was averse to any action inimical to the United States.

The position of Mr. Benjamin in the Confederate States was unique and unfortunate. It was universally believed that Mr. Davis was largely influenced by Benjamin in his administration as to both civil and military affairs. Every unfortunate and unpopular act by the Government was charged to Benjamin, and the ablest men in the South, such as Toombs, Yancey and Wigfall, were hostile to Davis, and especially to Benjamin. When he was made Secretary of War, although the appointment was only temporary, the army officers who had been educated at West Point were outraged that a lawyer with no military experience should have been placed at the head of the War Department, and they openly charged that Benjamin was more intent upon blowing up steamboats and railroad cars by the use of infernal machines than fighting the battles of the Confederacy in the open field. As the war progressed, and its terrible results came nearer to the homes and hearts of the Southern people, the attacks upon Mr. Davis were more frequent, and his chief adviser, Mr. Benjamin, became the target for the most venomous assaults by the newspapers and public men, who openly denounced Davis and Benjamin as the authors of every disaster.

Among the loudest and most clamorous of those who attacked Davis and Benjamin was Henry S. Foote, a member of the Confederate House of Representatives from the Nashville district of Tennessee. This remarkable man was an old and inveterate enemy of President Davis, having defeated Davis for Governor of Mississippi before the war after a bitter and acrimonious contest in which the two rival candidates had come to blows upon the hustings. Besides being Governor of Mississippi, Foote had been a member of the United States Senate, and had in that body been engaged in constant warfare with many of its most eminent members. He had on one occasion drawn a pistol in the Senate upon Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who threw open his coat and vest as Foote presented the weapon and shouted, "I am unarmed; let the assassin shoot." Governor Foote was a man of considerable ability, great information and unceasing industry. He was by no means bad hearted but socially very agreeable, and one of the most interesting men in conversation I have ever met. He was, however, a stormy petrel and never happy except in combat. He hated Davis intensely, and took the greatest delight in attacking and ridiculing Benjamin, who was, as he expressed it, the "unprincipled minister of an unprincipled tyrant." On one occasion, when Monsieur Erlanger came to Richmond as an agent of the French Government in regard to the interests of certain French citizens who claimed to be owners of property purchased by them in the Confederacy before the commencement of the war, the newspapers reported that Benjamin and the French agent had conversed in French for two hours at the State Department, and there was much excitement and speculation as to the cause of Monsieur Erlanger's visit, the rumor being circulated that he had come to negotiate in regard to the recognition of the Confederacy by the French Emperor. Governor Foote seized the opportunity to attack the Administration on the floor of the Confederate House of Representatives and delivered a very remarkable speech, full of ridicule, sarcasm and classical allusions. He said that when Julius Cæsar had been thrice tendered the crown at the Lupercal and had thrice refused it, the Roman historians had recorded the fact that Marcus Tullius Cicero had spoken Greek for two hours. "On the occasion," said Governor Foote, "of the recent visit of Monsieur Erlanger, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from His Highness, the Emperor of France, to His Highness, the would-be Emperor of the Confederate States, Judas Iscariot Benjamin had spoken French for two hours."

This speech is a fair sample of those delivered daily by Governor Foote against the President and Mr. Benjamin, the attacks being more venomous as the cause of the Confederacy became more desperate. No one knew better than Mr. Benjamin that, of all the leaders in the South, he was more obnoxious to the United States authorities and their adherents in the Southern States than even President Davis himself, and he was certain that his enemies in the Confederacy would be swift to testify against him in order to satisfy their personal enmity. When he saw that the cause was lost beyond any hope he embarked from the coast of Florida in an open boat and succeeded in reaching Nassau, whence he proceeded to England and commenced at once his study of English jurisprudence in order to secure admission to the English bar. In a few years after he had become an English citizen he prepared and published a work on the sale of personal property which is a standard textbook with the legal profession throughout the world. He became the most distinguished lawyer in England, and when his health compelled him to give up his professional engagements he paid back to his clients more than $100,000 of retainers and went to Paris, where he died. I received from him after he went abroad many letters, and just before he left England for France he sent me an engraved likeness of himself in his wig and gown as an English barrister or sergeant-at-law when appearing before the highest courts of the Empire.

Mosquitoes in Court

IN AN action just concluded in a Southern court mosquitoes were parties to the suit. A contest was involved of much interest to entomologists and physicians, as well as lawyers. It was in a town whose leading institutions are a college and a cotton factory. In the institution of learning, tertian malaria, in which fever recurs every two days, and quartan malaria, in which the fever recurs every three days, developed among the students.

Members of the faculty, accepting the conclusions of specialists that the microörganism of malaria is transmitted by mosquitoes, sought to discover their breeding-place. In the entire vicinity the only body of water of any size was the pond that supplied power for the wheels of the cotton factory. That water, the professors declared, was undoubtedly the prolific source of the malaria-carrying insects. Appeal was made to the factory owners to drain the pond and substitute steam or electricity as motive power.

This the cotton men would not do, and the authority of the Board of Health was invoked. Its members, having posted themselves upon the etiology of malaria, agreed with the professors that the mill-pond must be the breeding-place of the swarms of mosquitoes that infested the neighborhood. It was, of course, a very serious matter to interfere with the local cotton manufacturing industry, but as the malarial cases at the college were on the increase, the order was given that the dams be demolished and the pond emptied.

The cotton men got a stay of proceedings. In the court contest the lawyers sprung a surprise. They conceded that malaria is spread by mosquitoes and that these insects are aquatic in their origin, but they demanded evidence to prove that any mosquito larvæ had ever been deposited or hatched in the mill-pond.

This question only experts could answer, and so in the interests of justice and sanitation eminent scientists of Washington were sent for and commissioned by the court and the parties concerned thoroughly to examine the field. Investigations disclosed surprising conditions.

The most minute search failed to locate a single mosquito larva in the mill-pond, but in ditches in the vicinity of the college, in water-filled post holes, in water barrels, old tin cans containing water, in cisterns and old wells, malarial mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles* were found to be breeding in vast numbers. More curious still, one of the most prolific sources of the noxious insects was a puddle in the back yard of the Secretary of the Board of Health.

The explanation was thereupon furnished the court that mosquitoes seek still water for their hatching-place, with preference for water covered with scum. Running streams, or ponds rippled freely by wind, wreck the frail membrane that supports the larvæ of the *Anopheles* genus. Hence the puddles, ditches, holes, cans, cisterns and wells of this Southern town were turning out countless millions of the pests, whereas the mill-pond, whose stone-built banks were free from algæ and whose broad surface was kept in frequent motion by the air, was about the only standing water in the community in which mosquitoes were not breeding.

To satisfy all parties that this condition prevailed, twelve young scientists, recently graduated, were offered a reward of fifty dollars apiece for every mosquito larva found in the mill-pond. These young experts, who knew the ways of the insect, searched the pond with great thoroughness, but as a result of their scientific crusade only one mosquito larva was found, and that in so fragile a condition that it expired before it could be offered in evidence.

As a result, the case of the college against the factory was thrown out of court, and the cotton establishment, employing six hundred people and doing a business of nearly two million dollars annually, was saved the town.

Now a crusade to drain small pools, empty all mosquito-breeding receptacles and pour petroleum oil on ditches where water runs is under way in the vicinity, and the contagion of the scientific work promises to extend to other sections of the South.

"Me and John" By Elliott Flower

Author of "The Spoilsmen," "A Manipulated Market," etc.

A Practical Illustration of the Advantages of "Friendly Coöperation"

I RECKON," remarked Daniel Burway, "that me an' John know how these here things is done."

"You and John who?" inquired Robert Merrill.

"Don't you be worryin' what John it is," retorted Burway. "I been studyin' him an' his ways, an' that's enough. Mebbe he ain't over pertic'ler sometimes, but he knows how to make things come his way, an' I reckon I kin do the same. Jest you watch me."

Merrill gave his wife a look that seemed to ask if there ever had been any insanity in the family, but she ignored it. Her father had been reading and dreaming ever since he came to visit them six months before. He had lost his own farm in the East, being unable to hold up under the burden of a mortgage, but he had saved a little money from the wreck, and claimed to be considering the best method of investing it. He had given six months to investigation and consideration, and the only result had been an occasional blind hint of some scheme of great magnitude that he had been formulating in his mind.

"Why don't you get some of the land adjoining my farm?" his son-in-law once asked. "You've got money enough for that, and you can live with us and we'll operate the whole tract together."

"I'm livin' with you now, ain't I?" inquired Burway with a chuckle; "an' I'm savin' my money, ain't I? That's cheaper'n buyin' land, ain't it?"

Merrill admitted that it was, but he was not particularly enthusiastic about it. While he liked his father-in-law and would have begrudged him nothing that his condition or circumstances might require, he did think that it would be no more than fair for him to contribute something toward their joint support.

"The trouble with you, Bob," Burway went on, "is that you're too modest, jest like I was. That's where I been makin' a mistake all my life. It ain't John's way, an' I'm studyin' John. Five year ago I'd 'a' been figurin' how much money I had to invest, if I'd been in this fix."

"And what are you doing now?" demanded Merrill.

"I'm figurin' on what other folks has to invest that I kin get my hands on," replied Burway. "What I got wouldn't amount to shucks when it come to doin' things, but I reckon there's plenty to be had, if a feller goes after it right. Y' see, the way to do is to make other folks' money work for you until you get enough of your own to do what's needed. That's John's way. I ain't goin' to tie that there money o' mine up till I see how I kin get a whole county with it—or anyhow a township. No more pikin' modesty for me; no, sir! I tried it once an' lost, an' now I'm playin' big."

"Well, I wish you and John would settle on what you intend to do," returned Merrill irritably. "For my part, I can't see anything better than to buy land and go to work."

"That's because you ain't studied John," asserted Burway calmly.

Thus "John" became a by-word, not only with the Merrills, but also with some of their neighbors. Yet no one knew who "John" was. He might be a fictional character or he might be some one who had existence only in Daniel Burway's brain. The only thing certain was that he was very real to the old man, who fully expected thus to be put on the highroad to success. Sometimes they thought the old man was slightly demented, and sometimes he assumed a quizzical air that led them to think possibly he was having a little quiet fun at their expense. They were never quite certain of him. He was serious, but he had a dry wit that was very much in evidence when least expected. Just when they were disposed to look upon him with tolerant condescension they would discover that he apparently was getting some amusement out of them.

But the greatest surprise came the day that he suddenly waked up and announced that his plan was formulated and he was prepared to act.

"Bob," he said on that remarkable occasion, "you have to haul your grain all of twenty mile, don't you?"

"More than that," replied Merrill.

"How much do you reckon it costs you to get it to an elevator or a mill?"

Merrill scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Well," he replied finally, "one man and a team are good for about sixty bushels a day, and we figure the value of a man and a team for that time at about two dollars and a half, whether we hire them or take them from other work on the farm. It's a pretty long haul. Now, if we had a railroad ——"

"Yes," broke in the old man, "if you had a railroad it would be different, but you ain't got one, an' it costs you four cents a bushel to haul your grain to an elevator an' more'n that to get it to a mill. That's about it, ain't it?"

"It is," admitted Merrill. "There's a single-track branch from the mill on the main line up to the elevator, but we've got to haul it to the elevator and sell there, or else pay the railroad to take it on to the mill. We're pretty much out of the world here, Father Daniel, and no mistake. Some men come up through here every year and offer to buy the whole crop as it stands and haul it away themselves after the threshing, but they're always looking for the best of it. They deduct something more than the hauling charges from the market price."

"I sort o' reckoned so," commented Burway, and then he added: "Now, Bob, me an' John are great on labor-savin' an' economy, an' there ain't no reason why that grain can't be hauled for three cents a bushel. Are you willin' to pay that?"

Merrill looked at his father-in-law earnestly for a moment before replying.

"Is this a joke or is it business?" he asked at length.

"It's business," asserted the old man. "There ain't no relationship or friendship or nothin' else in it but business. I reckon I kin save you a cent on haulin' the grain an' still make money on it myself."

"Some scheme of your own?" inquired Merrill.

"Well," admitted the old man, "John sort o' hunched me up to it."

"Who in thunder is John?" demanded the young man.

"He's a good friend o' mine, only he don't know it," was the enigmatical reply; "but there ain't no reason why you should worry about that, s' long as me an' John between us has a scheme for cheapening production an' savin' you money."

"Father Daniel," said Merrill, "you talk as if you were crazy, but if you can haul my grain to the elevator for three cents a bushel you can have the job."

"For five year?"

"It may not have to go so far in another year or so, or we may have a railroad," was the guarded answer.

"But while things is the same?" persisted Burway.

"While they are you can haul all my grain at three cents a bushel, and I'll be glad to have you doing something."

"Jest as soon put it in writin', I s'pose?"

"Is it necessary? Can't you trust me to keep my word?"

"John's great on having things in black an' white," explained the old man, "an' this here is a pretty big thing. Course, you're all right, but if I don't get a contract with you how kin I hold the others for one?"

"What others?"

"Oh, the rest o' this county an' part o' the next," replied the old man calmly, while the young man could only stare at him.

But the contract was drawn up and signed, and then Burway borrowed a horse and buggy from his son-in-law and began a series of drives that covered the entire county for many miles in every direction. There was a large expanse of territory here that had been invaded only by a trolley road. It was so destitute of the ordinary facilities for travel that a few capitalists had discovered what seemed to them "an opportunity," and they had connected various villages by trolley and then pushed on to Willard City—an unpretentious place with a pretentious name—where they touched the railroad. All the country tributary to the trolley line Burway visited, and then he called on the trolley company officials.

"Havin' nothin' else to do," he guilelessly told the manager of the road, "I been workin' up a bit o' business for you."

"Very kind of you," was the careless reply. "You're Burway the Dreamer, aren't you?"

Stories of the old man who had sat in front of the Merrill house, smoking and musing, for six months, had traveled far and wide.

"Well," admitted Burway, "me an' John do quite a bit o' dreamin', but something most always happens when John wakes up, an' I reckon it's goin' to be the same with me."

"Who's John?"

"He's the man that taught me not to bother with no small things; an' that's why I'm here. Lookin' at it John's way, it don't seem to me you're makin' the most o' this here road. If I was in your place," and Burway looked at the trolley official with a sort of pitying contempt, "an' I see the farmers haulin' thousands an' millions o' bushels o' grain to market by wagon, I'd sort o' wonder why I couldn't do it for 'em. Ain't your charter right for that?"

"I guess we can do about anything under our charter," replied the manager, "and the suggestion has been made before in an idle sort of way, but the farmers did not take kindly to it, and we were never certain of enough business to warrant the expense."

"'Cause you didn't go at it right," commented Burway. "You ain't studied John. Now, if I kin give you a sure thing at the start o' two million bushels o' grain to take to Willard City at two cents a bushel, you can afford to get the kind o' cars needed, can't you?"

"Certainly; but we can charge more than that, Mr. Burway."

"No, you can't."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I won't let you. I got the contract for movin' that grain, an' you got to do what I say or you don't get it." Burway spoke with the decision of a man who felt that he was master of the situation.

"Suppose we refuse to accept it on your terms?" suggested the manager. "You would be helpless, for you can't haul it by wagon at any such rate."

The old man leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

"Me an' John," he remarked dreamily, "don't reckon to leave any of the thinkin' to be done by the folks that come into the game after we begin playin' the cards. I been workin' this thing out for some time, an' I got a start that I ain't figurin' on losin'. Jest you keep these here p'ints in mind. There's somethin' more'n three hundred and fifty thousand acres in this county, an' it's good for seven million bushel o' grain most years, an' sometimes more. Then there's another one hundred thousand acres over beyond that would ship its grain this way by trolley rather than the other way by wagon road if it was only made easier an' cheaper.

That's close to two million bushel more, makin' a total of about nine million bushel. Your road don't run right to get all this, but it's there to be had when spurs is built, an' you kin reach close to four million bushel of it right now—*an' I'm the boss of a quarter o' that.* It goes to market the way I say. At two cents a bushel it means $20,000 to the company that hauls it—a sure $20,000 every year, with big chances for more. With the field that's back of it to draw on an' the encouragement o' that $20,000, I know folks that would put another trolley into this county in double-quick time. They'd fight you for all the business you got now; they'd try to round up the rest o' that four million bushel that's close to your right o' way, an' they'd build spurs to reach what's left in this county an' the next. Five million bushel at two cents would be $100,000, not countin' the passenger traffic they'd take from you an' the other freight."

The manager looked amused.

"For a farmer," he said, "you have a very fair business head, but you have a great deal to learn. What should we be doing all this time? Why, if this business is to be had, as you say, we'd have it rounded up before your new company had begun work. We'd have a big start——"

"Hold on!" interrupted Burway, putting up a warning finger. "You ain't givin' me an' John credit for the sense we got. There's 1,000,000 bushel under my control now, an' there's 1,000,000 more that's clinched so close I'm lookin' for the contracts by nightfall, an' there's half a million that's pledged to me if it goes to any one, an' the owners of every other bushel of wheat that can be reached is considerin' my kind offer to save money for them right now. Do you reckon you kin head this here thing off enough to do you any good?"

The manager laughed.

"I think we'll have to charge you three or three and one-half cents a bushel for hauling your grain," he said.

"I think you won't," retorted Burway.

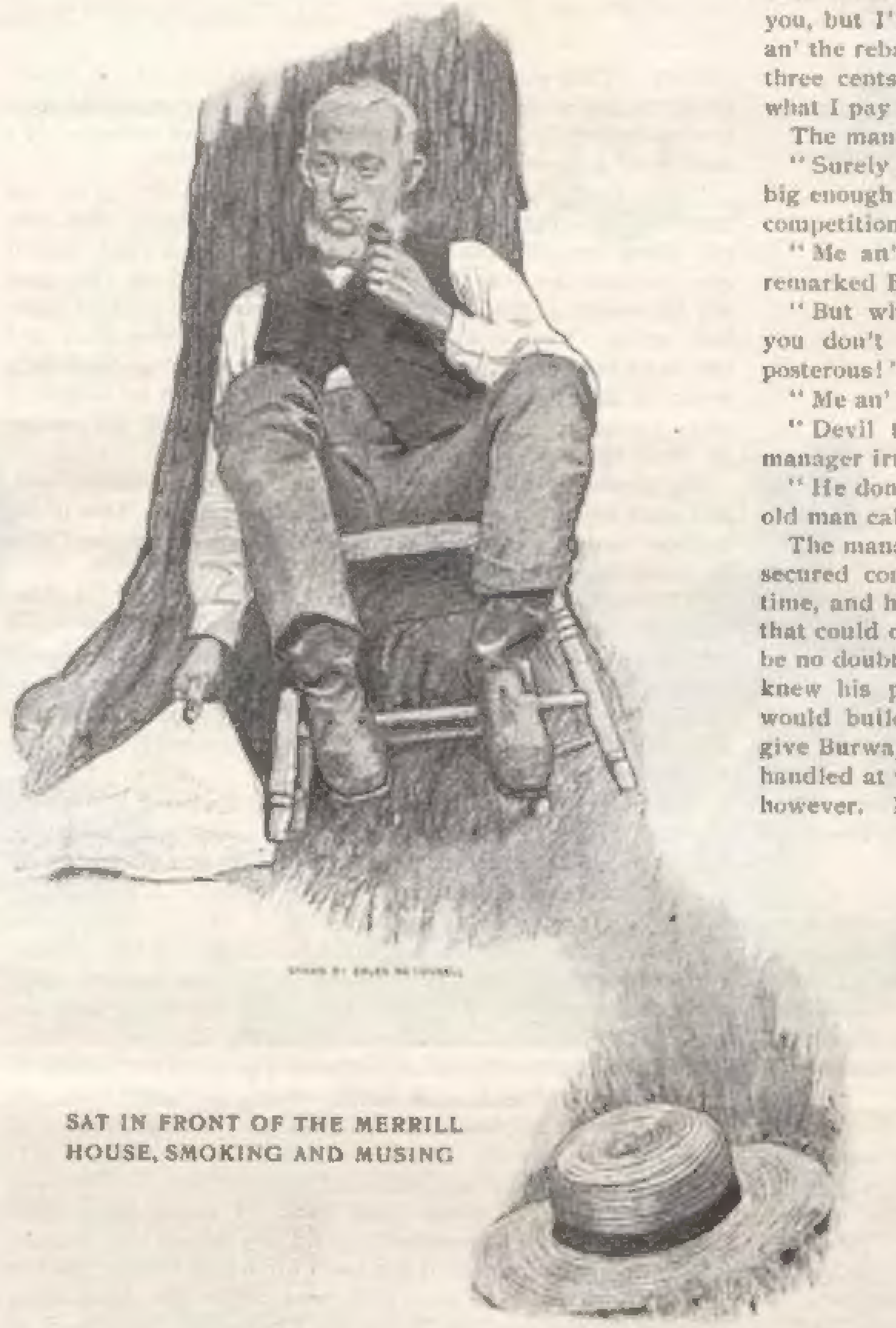
"It may be rather hard on you," continued the manager, "but business is business, and it's all the result of your own amusing sharpness. Even if there was anything in your absurd talk of a new road, you will have to haul this grain by wagon until it is completed—unless you make terms with us—and you can't afford to do that."

"Can't I?" retorted Burway, as he rose and moved toward the door. "You watch me. This business I got is worth holding, an' I know some people that will pay me to hold it for 'em—an' I got a little money of my own, too. I kin see where it's goin' to pay to haul that grain by wagon till the new road is built, an' there's others kin see it, too."

The manager laughed again. It was a "bluff," he told the other officials, and the old man would have to come to their terms. They really ought to have at least three cents a bushel, anyway.

But Burway did not come to their terms. Instead, they began to hear disquieting rumors about him. He made frequent trips to Willard City, and even went beyond, to Gleason, where the mill was located. Incidentally, he told the proprietor of the paper at Gleason what he intended to do, and the proprietor naturally published it. It was all rather blind, but there was enough of detail to make it interesting—especially to the manager of the existing trolley line. Mr. Daniel Burway, who had recently come from the East, had succeeded in interesting a number of capitalists in a new trolley project. Thus the newspaper man wrote. And on another occasion he mentioned that Mr. Daniel Burway had contracts for hauling many million bushels of grain, and was investing a large sum in wagons and teams. Next he told his readers that the teaming was only a temporary expedient, as the new trolley would have facilities for handling the grain; and he mentioned the arrival in Gleason on the same day of a well-known capitalist, a successful promoter, and Mr. Daniel Burway. Unfortunately, the only member of the party that he had succeeded in seeing was Mr. Burway, the others having left immediately after the conference, and Mr. Burway declined to say more than that the new trolley road was under discussion.

The manager became restless. He had investigated and had found that Burway had the district "pretty well tied up." He controlled all the grain that he claimed, and the farmers who had not yet signed contracts were well disposed toward him. He had seen them all. Some had no confidence in the scheme and would not go into it, some were opposed on principle to putting so much under the control of one man or combination of men, and some were just watching and waiting. But there could be no doubt that all would join with Burway if they would join with any one. For any one else to accomplish anything worth while would be a difficult task.



SAT IN FRONT OF THE MERRILL HOUSE, SMOKING AND MUSING

Then, too, the time was rapidly approaching when the grain would have to be handled, and, if they let the crop for this one season get away from them, there would be less chance of getting the crops of later years. They knew where they could get cars that would answer their purpose on reasonably short notice, but it could not be done in a day. If Burway was "bluffing," it was about time for him to admit defeat and come to their terms. They waited expectantly, but waited in vain. Burway was busy—oh, so busy—elsewhere. He was buying horses and wagons. The manager and his associates knew this because a number of them appeared in Willard City one day on their way to the territory Burway controlled.

That settled it. Burway meant business, and the time was short, anyway. Consequently, Burway was invited to call on the manager again, and he did so. The manager had evolved another scheme that promised to increase the profits and also make his capitulation seem less forced.

"Mr. Burway," he said, "my investigations have brought out the fact that you are to get three cents for this grain that you want me to haul for two cents, and I guess you are entitled to that profit. But there will be other grain to haul, and I want to charge three cents for that. I can't do it if I make an open rate of two cents to you, so I'll charge you three cents, as the schedule price, and give you a rebate of one cent."

"That's all right as far as it goes," acquiesced Burway, "but it don't go far enough. This here is my scheme, you know."

"What of it?"

"Well, if there's goin' to be any monkey-doodle business I sort o' reckon I'm the one to get the cash. You kin haul this here grain at two cents an' make money, an' the more you haul at that rate the bigger your profit. That ought to satisfy you, but I'm kind o' glad you spoke of that three-cent rate an' the rebate jest the same. It gives me an idee. Make it three cents to all alike, an' then give me a cent rebate on what I pay an' a cent drawback on what other folks pay."

The manager gasped and then smiled in a sickly way.

"Surely you're joking," he said. "My plan gives you a big enough advantage, and this one would virtually destroy competition."

"Me an' John ain't much on encouragin' competition," remarked Burway dryly.

"But why should you get a commission on grain that you don't control?" demanded the manager. "It's preposterous!"

"Me an' John don't think so."

"Devil take this John, whoever he is!" exclaimed the manager irritably.

"He don't seem to be in no hurry to do it," returned the old man calmly.

The manager expostulated, but Burway was firm. He had secured control of approximately 2,000,000 bushels by this time, and he had an option on about 1,000,000 bushels more that could only be reached by building a spur. There could be no doubt that he was in a position to dictate and that he knew his power, so the manager finally capitulated. He would build a spur to reach this other grain and he would give Burway a rebate or a drawback of one cent on all grain handled at the three-cent rate. One concession he secured, however. In order to get the grain that was nearer the market it would be necessary to charge a lower rate, and on this the old man agreed to ask no more than a twenty-five per cent. drawback. This was very considerate of him. He said so himself.

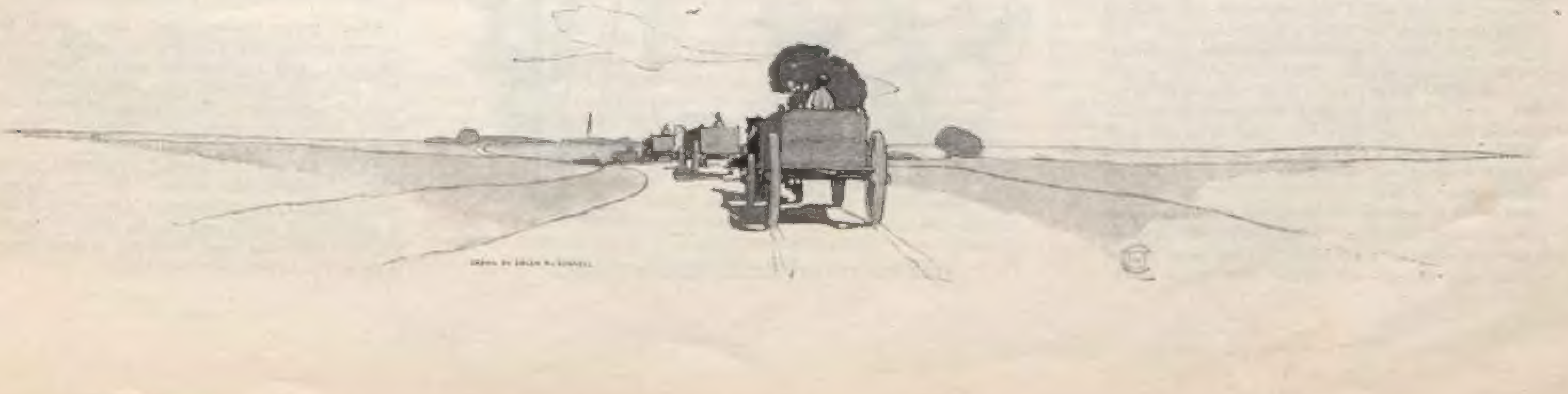
For two days thereafter he sat on the porch of his son-in-law's house and chuckled, and finally, in a burst of confidence, he told Merrill that he could not possibly have handled that grain if the road had not surrendered.

"Them there six wagons an' teams that come through Willard City an' worried the trolley man so much took jest about all the money I had," he explained, "but I reckon it was a good investment. I had 'em go round an' come through the city twice, but it looks to me like it was worth it. I ain't begrudgin' the money I spent. Y' see, Bob, it's been sort o' easy for me, 'cause they ain't lookin' for no strong bluffs from an old farmer like me."

But Burway did not rest long. The elevator at Willard City belonged to the railroad, and the railroad officials soon had a call from him. He wanted to know what commission they would pay if he delivered from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 bushels of grain to them for storage and ultimate shipment either to the mill or to the Eastern market. They did not see why they should pay any commission, for grain in that territory always came to them, anyway. But the trolley line might easily be pushed on from the other end to touch another railroad, he explained. Though the officials admitted that this was true, they did not think the trolley people would go to that expense when they would gain nothing by it.

Burway saw the force of this and dropped the subject for that season, but he pondered deeply and presently began to buy trolley stock. Trolley stock was a paying investment at this time, but he showed how, with the grain he controlled, he could make serious inroads on the dividends, and thus he forced a sale of some treasury stock at a ridiculously low price. Likewise he compelled other stockholders to let go of some of their stock. They realized that he was in a position to practically "make or break" the road, and, though they grumbled a little that they should be paying him the money

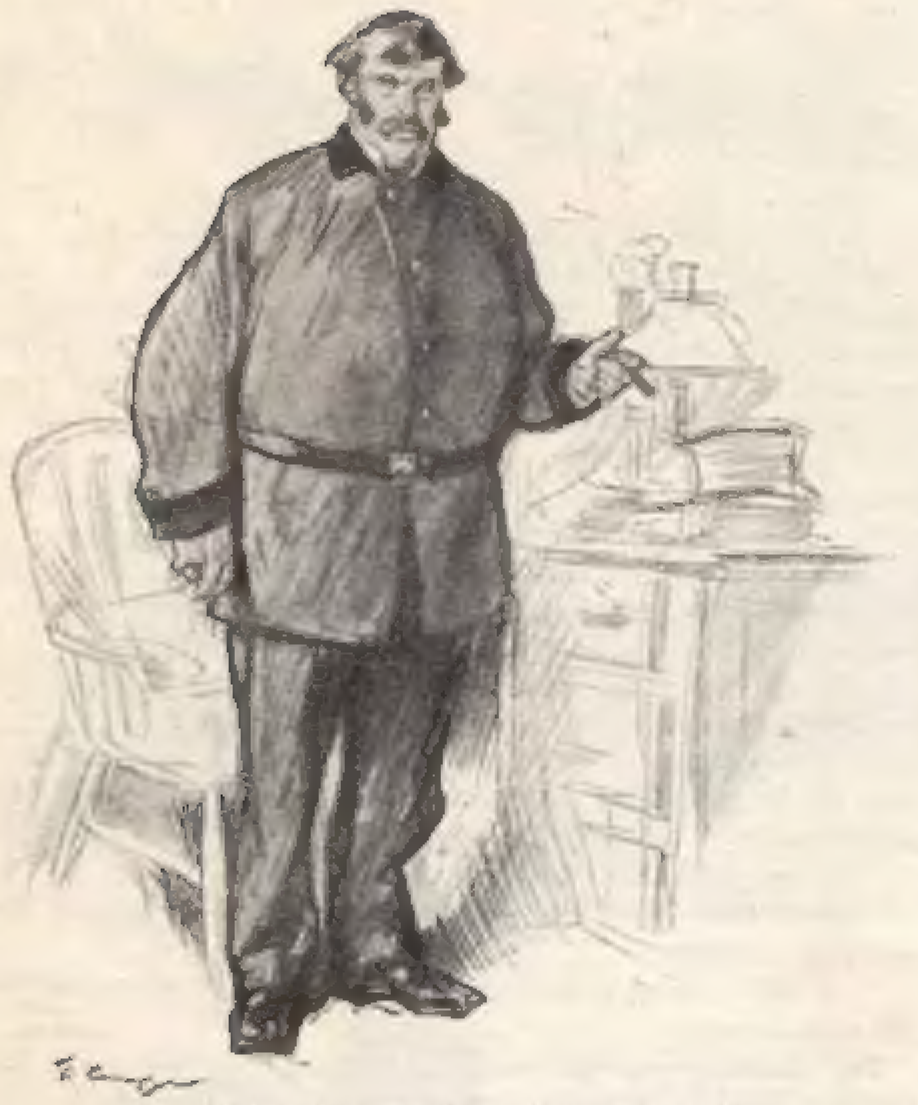
(Continued on Page 22)



THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain



THE CHIEF OF POLICE WAS A BLOATED, PORPOISE-BODY OF A MAN

CHAPTER XIV

BIG KENNEDY left the Tammany headquarters where he and the Good Government trio had conferred, and sauntered away in the direction of his habitat.

The Chief of Police did not keep me in suspense. Big Kennedy was not four blocks away when that blue functionary appeared.

"I'm to go with you to his house," said I.

The Chief of Police was a bloated, porpoise-body of a man, oily, plausible, masking his cunning with an appearance of frankness. As for scruple; why, then, the sharks go more freighted of conscience. Big Kennedy met him with the freedom that belongs with an acquaintance, boy and man, of forty years. In a moment they had gotten to the marrow of what was between them.

"Of course," said Big Kennedy, "Tammany's crippled just now with not havin' complete swing in th' town; an' I've got to bunk in more or less with th' mugwumps. Still, we've got th' upper hand in th' Board of Aldermen, an' are stronger everywhere than any other single party. Now you understand," and here Big Kennedy bent a keen eye on the other, "th' organization's in need of steady, monthly contributions. We'll want 'em in th' work I'm layin' out. I think you know where to get 'em, an' I leave it to you. You get your bit, d'ye see! I'm goin' to name a party, however, to act as your wardman an' make th' collections. What sort is that Russell who was made captain about a week ago?"

"Russell!" returned the Chief of Police in tones of surprise. "That man would never do! He's as honest as a clock!"

"Honest!" exclaimed Big Kennedy, and his amazement was a picture. "What's he doin' on th' force, then?"

"That's too many for me," replied the other. Then apologetically: "But you can see yourself that when you take together six thousand men, no matter how you pick 'em out, some of 'em's goin' to be honest."

"Yes," assented Big Kennedy thoughtfully, "I s'ppose that's so, too. It was Father Considine who mentioned this Russell; he said he was his cousin an' asked me to give him a shove along. However, I'll look over th' list an' give you some name tomorrow."

"But how about th' town?" asked the Chief of Police anxiously. "I want to know what I'm doin'. Tell me plain just what goes an' what don't."

"This for a pointer, then," responded Big Kennedy. "Whatever goes has got to go on th' quiet. I've got to keep things smooth between me an' th' mugwumps. The gamblers can run; an' I don't find any fault with even th' green goods people. I'll tell you why. None of 'em can beat a man who don't put himself within their reach, an' I don't protect suckers. But knucks, dips, sneaks, second-story people, an' strong-arm men have got to quit. That's straight; let a trick come off on th' street cars, or at th' theatre, or in the dark, or let a crib get cracked, an' there'll be trouble between you an' me, d'ye see! An' if anything as big as a bank should get done up, why then, you send in your resignation. You'll be dead lucky if you don't do time, at that."

"There's th' stations an' th' ferries," said the other with an insinuating grin. "You know a mob of these Western fine-workers are likely to blow in on us, an' we not wise to 'em — not havin' their mugs in th' gallery. That sort of fellow might do business at th' depots or ferries an' we couldn't help ourselves. Anyway," he concluded hopefully, "they seldom touch our own citizens; it's mostly th' farmers they go through."

"All right," said Big Kennedy cheerfully, "I'm not worryin' about what comes off with th' farmers. But you tell them fine-workers, whose mugs you haven't got, that if any one who can vote or raise a roar in New York City goes shy his watch or his leather, th' artist who gets it can't come here ag'in. Now mind: You've got to keep this town so I can hang my watch on any lamp-post in it, an' go back in a week an' find it hasn't been touched. There'll be plenty of ways for me an' you to get rich without standin' for sneaks an' hold-ups."

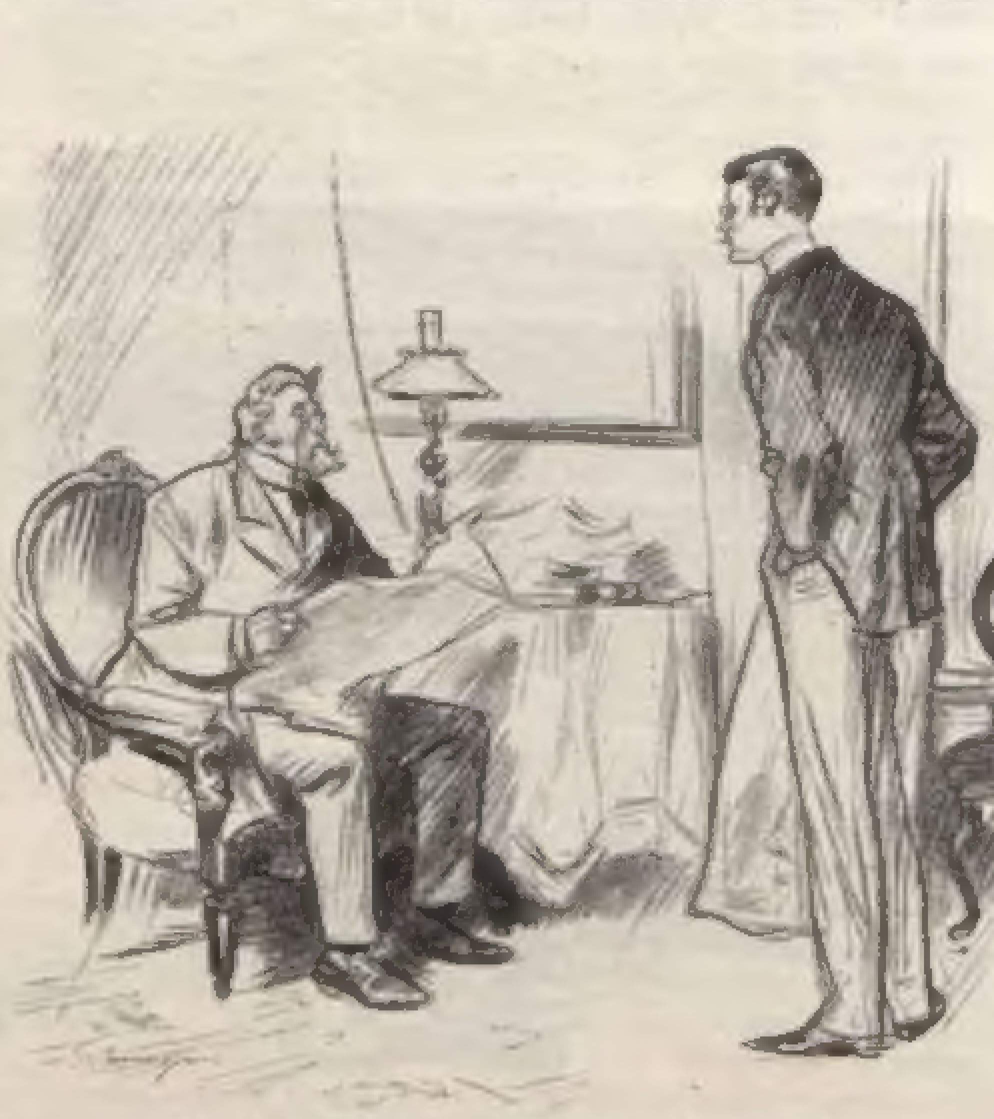
Big Kennedy began divers improvements of a political sort, and each looking to our safety and perpetuation. One of his earliest moves was to break up the ward gangs, and this included the Tin Whistles.

"For one thing, we don't need 'em — you an' me," said he. "They could only help us while we stayed in our ward an' kept in touch with 'em. The gangs strengthen th' ward leaders, but they don't strengthen th' Chief. So we're goin' to abolish 'em. The weaker we make th' ward leaders, the stronger we make ourselves. Do you ketch on?" And Big Kennedy winked significantly.

"You've got to disband, boys," said I when I had called the Tin Whistles together. "Throw away your whistles. Big Kennedy told me that the first toot on one of 'em would get the musician thirty days on the Island. It's an order; so don't bark your shins against it."

After Big Kennedy was installed as Chief, affairs, in their currents for either Big Kennedy or myself, went flowing never more prosperously. The town settled to its lines; and the Chief of Police, with a wardman whom Big Kennedy selected and who was bitten by no defect of integrity like the dangerous Russell, was making monthly returns of funds collected for "campaign purposes" with which the most exacting could have found no fault. We were rich, Big Kennedy and I; and acting on that suggestion of concealment, neither was blowing a bugle over his good luck. I could have been happy, being now successful beyond any dream my memory could lay hands on, had it not been for Apple Cheek and her waning health. She, poor girl, was never the same after my trial for the death of Jimmy the Blacksmith; the shock of that trouble bore her down beyond recall. The doctors called it a nervous prostration, but I think that what with the fright and the grief of it the poor child broke her heart. She was like something broken; and although years went by she never once held up her head. Apple Cheek faded slowly away, and at last died in my arms.

When she passed, and it fell upon me like a pall that Apple Cheek was gone from me forever, my very heart died out within me. There was but one thing to live for: Blossom, my baby girl. Anne came to dwell with us to be a mother to her; and it was good for me that Anne could do this, and did, and better still for little Blossom. I was no one to have her up-bringing, being ignorant and rude, and unable to look upon her without my eyes filling up for thoughts of my lost Apple Cheek. That was a bitterest of griefs, the going of Apple Cheek! My one hope thereafter lay in forgetfulness, and I courted it by working at politics, daylight and dark.



"YOU ARE TO GIVE ME THE MILLION AT ONCE"

It would seem, too, that the blow that sped death to Apple Cheek had left its nervous marks on little Blossom. She was timid, hysterical, terror-whipped of fears that had no form. She would shriek out in the night as though a fiend frightened her, and yet could tell no story of it. She lived the victim of a vast, formless fear that was to her as a demon without outlines or members or face. One blessing: I could give the trembling Blossom rest by holding her close in my arms, and thus she has slept the whole night through. The "frights," she said, fled when I was by.

In that hour Anne was my sunshine and support; I think I should have followed Apple Cheek had it not been for Blossom, and Anne's gentle courage to hold me up. For all that, my home was a home of clouds and gloom; waking or sleeping, sorrow pressed upon me like a great stone. I took no joy, growing grim and silent, and far older than my years.

One evening when Big Kennedy and I were closeted over some enterprise of politics, that memorable exquisite, young Morton, was announced. He greeted us with his old-time vacuity of lisp and glance, and after mounting that double eyeglass, so potent with the herd, he said: "Gentlemen, I've come to make some money."

CHAPTER XV

"THAT'S my purpose in a nutshell," lisped young Morton; "I've decided to make some money; and I've come for millions." Here he waved a delicate hand, and bestowed upon Big Kennedy and myself his old-time look of amiable inanity.

"Millions, eh?" returned Big Kennedy with his metallic grin. "I've seen whole fam'lies taken th' same way. However, I'm glad you're no piker."

"If by 'piker,'" drawled young Morton, "you mean one of those cheap persons who play for minimum stakes, I assure you that I can't be so described. No, indeed; it requires no more thought or effort to play for millions than for ten-dollar bills."

"An' dead right you are!" observed Big Kennedy with hearty emphasis. "A sport can buck faro bank for a million as easy as for a white chip. That is, if he can find a game that'll turn for such a bundle, an' has th' money to back his nerve. What's true of faro is true of business. So you're out for millions! I thought your old gent, who's into fifty enterprises an' has been for as many years, had long ago shaken down th' world for a whole mountain of dough. The papers call him a multi-millionaire."

Young Morton, still with the empty smile, brought forth a cigarette case. The case, gold, was adorned with a ruby whereon to press when one would open it, and wore besides the owner's monogram done in diamonds. Having lighted a cigarette, he polished his eyeglass with a filmy handkerchief. Reëstablishing the eyeglass on his high patrician nose, he again beamed vacuously upon Big Kennedy.

That earnest gentleman had watched these manifestations of fastidious culture in a temper of warm delight. Big Kennedy liked young Morton; and he had long ago made out how those dandyisms were no more than a cover for that fund of force and cunning which dwelt beneath. In truth, Big Kennedy regarded young Morton's imbecilities as a most fortunate disguise. His remark would show as much. As young Morton — cigarette just clinging between his lips, eye of shallow good humor — bent toward him, he said, addressing me:

"Say! get on to that front! That look of not knowin' nothin' ought by itself to cash in for half a million! Did you ever see such a throw-off?" And here Big Kennedy quite lost himself in a maze of admiration. Recovering, however, and again facing our caller, he repeated: "Yes, I thought your old gent had millions."

"Both he and the press," responded young Morton, "concede that he has. Moreover, he possesses, I think, the evidence of it in a cord or two of gold-edged bonds and stocks, don't y' know! But how does that bear upon my present intentions as I've briefly laid them bare?"

"No fashion," said Big Kennedy, "only I'd naturally s'ppose that when you went shy on th' long green you'd touch th' old gentleman."

"Undoubtedly," returned young Morton, "I could approach my father with a request for money—that is, if my proposal were framed in a spirit of moderation, say one hundred thousand dollars. But such a sum, in my present need, would be but the shadow of a trifle. I owe five times the amount. I've no doubt I'm on Tiffany's books for more than one hundred thousand, while my bill at the florist's should be at least ten thousand dollars, if the pen of that personage of nosegays has kept half pace with his rapacity. However," concluded young Morton, breaking into a soft, engaging laugh, "since I intend, with your aid, to become the master of millions, such bagatelles are unimportant."

"Certainly," observed Big Kennedy in a consolatory tone, "they don't amount to a deuce in a bum deck. Still, I must say you went in up to your neck on sparks an' voylets. I never saw such a plunger on gewgaws an' garlands since a yard of cloth made a coat for me."

"Those bills arose through my efforts to make grand opera beautiful. I set the prima donna ablaze with gems; and as for the stage, why it was like singing in a conservatory."

"Well, let that go!" said Big Kennedy after a pause. "I shall be glad if through my help you make them millions. I'll put you wise as to why. If you do, d'ye see, I'll make an armful just as big; it's ag'inst my religion to let anybody grab off a bigger piece of pie than I do when him an' me is pals. It would lower my opinion of myself. However, layin' bluff an' guff aside, s'ppose you butt in now an' open up your little scheme. Let's see what button you think you're goin' to push."

"This is my idea," responded young Morton, and as he spoke the eyeglass dropped from its aquiline perch, and under the heat of a real animation his mists of affectation were dissipated—"this is my thought: I want a street railway franchise along Blank Avenue, the length of the Island."

"Go on," said Big Kennedy.

"It's my plan to form a corporation—the Mulberry Traction. There'll be eight millions of preferred stock at eight per cent. I can build and equip the road with that. In addition there'll be ten millions of common stock."

"Have you th' people ready to take th' preferred?"

"Ready and waiting. If I had the franchise I could float those eight millions within ten days."

"What do you figger would be th' road's profits?"

"It would carry four hundred thousand passengers a day and take in twenty thousand dollars. The operating expenses would not exceed an annual four millions and a half. That, after the eight per cent. on the preferred were paid, would leave over two millions a year on the common—a dividend of twenty per cent. or five per cent. every quarter. You can see where such returns would put the stock. You, for your side, would go into the common on the ground floor."

"We'll get to how I go in in a minute," responded Big Kennedy dryly. He was impressed by young Morton's proposal, and was threshing it out in his mind as they talked. "Now, see here," he went on, lowering his brows and fixing his keen, gray glance on young Morton, "you mustn't get restless if I ask you questions. I like to tap every wheel an' try every rivet on a scheme or a man before I hook up with either."

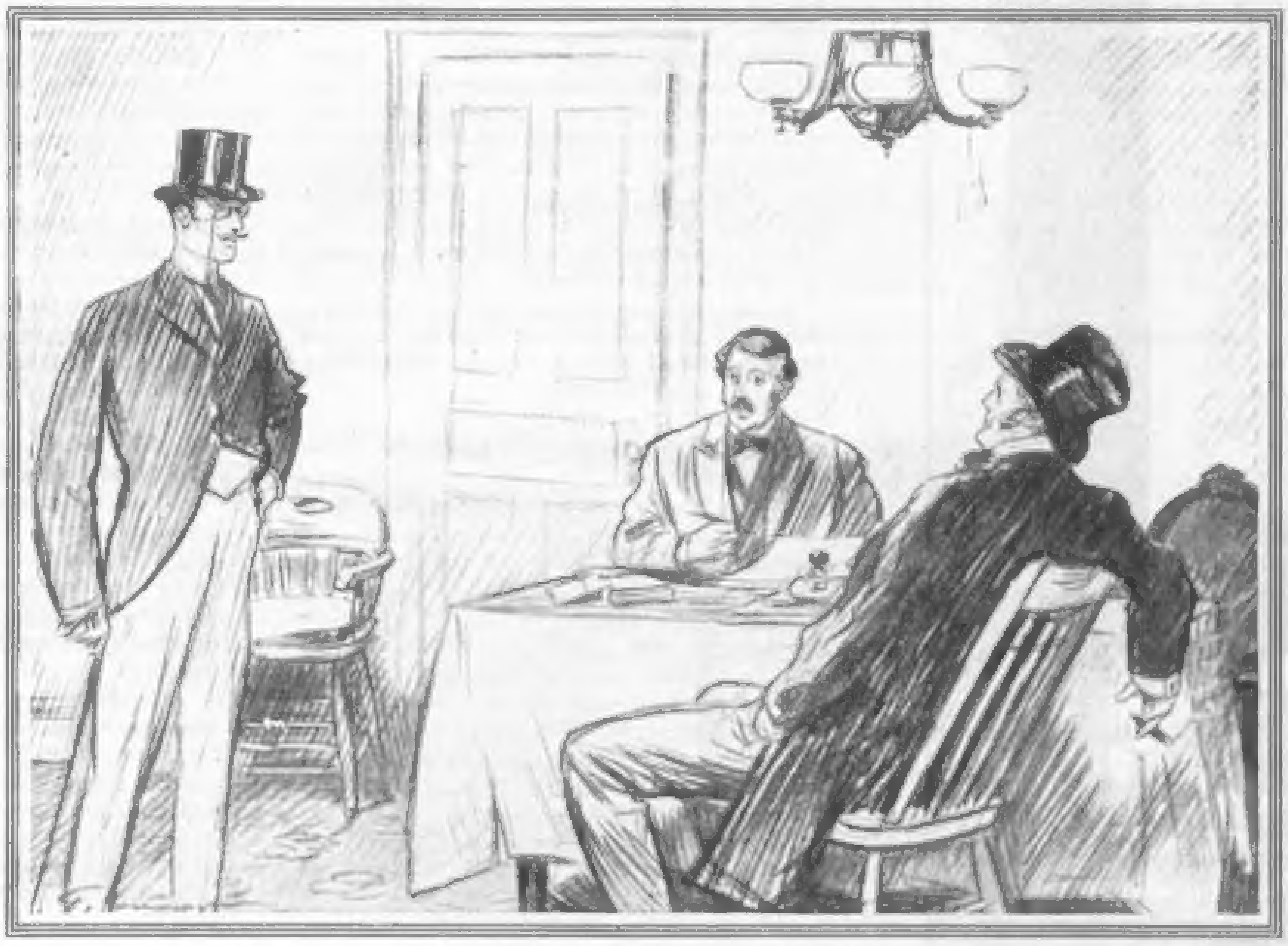
"Ask what you please," said young Morton, as brisk as a terrier.

"I'll say this," observed Big Kennedy. "That traction notion shows you've got a hogshead of horse sense. But of course you understand that you're goin' to need money, an' plenty of it, before you get th' franchise. I can take care of th' push, perhaps; but there's highbinders up to your end of th' alley who'll want to be greased."

"How much do you argue I'll require as a preliminary to the grant of the franchise?" asked young Morton, interrupting Big Kennedy.

"Every splinter of four hundred thousand."

"That was my estimate," said young Morton; "but I've arranged for twice that sum."



"I'M TH' CITY," REPLIED BIG KENNEDY

"Who is th' Rothschild you will get it from?"

"My father," replied young Morton; and now he lapsed anew into his manner of vapidity. "He takes an eighth of the preferred at par—one million! I've got the money in bank."

"Good!" ejaculated Big Kennedy, with the gleam which never failed to sparkle in his eye at the mention of round, fat riches.

"My father doesn't know my plans," continued young Morton, his indolence and his eyeglass both restored. "No; he wouldn't let me tell him. I approached him in this wise:

"'Father,' said I, 'you are aware of the New York alternative?'

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'Get money or get out.'

"'Well!' said he.

"'Father, I've decided not to move. After a full consideration of the situation I've resolved to make some money for myself. It's quite necessary, I am absolutely bankrupt. And I don't like it; there's nothing comfortable in being bankrupt, it so deucedly restricts a man. I've evolved an idea, however; there's a business I can go into.'

"'Store?' he inquired.

"'No, no, father,' I replied, it's nothing so vulgar as trade; it's a speculation. There'll be eight millions of preferred stock; you are to take a million. Also, you are to give me the million at once.'

"'What is this speculation?' he asked. 'If I'm to go in for a million, I take it you can intrust me with the outlines.'

"'It was on my thought to do so,' I replied. 'My scheme is this: I shall make an alliance with Mr. Kennedy.'

"'Stop, stop!' cried my father hastily. 'On the whole, I don't care to hear your scheme. You shall have the money; but I've decided that it will reflect more glory upon you should you bring things to an issue without advice from me. Therefore, you need tell me no more; positively, I will not hear you.'"

"It was my name made him leary," observed Big Kennedy, with the happy face of one who has been paid a compliment. "When you said 'Kennedy,' he just about figgered we were out to get a kit of tools an' pry a shutter off th' First National. It's th' mugwump notion of Tammany, d'ye see! You put him on to it some time that I've got centre-bits an' jimmies skinned to death when it comes to makin' money."

"I don't think it was your name," observed young Morton. "He's beginning to learn, however, about my voting those three hundred wenches in overalls and jumpers, and it has taught him to distrust my methods as lacking in that element of conservatism which he values so much. It was that which came uppermost in his memory, and it occurred to him that perhaps the less he knew about my enterprises the sounder he would sleep. Is it not remarkable how fondly even an advanced man like my father will cling to the moss-grown and the obsolete?"

"That's no dream, neither!" exclaimed Big Kennedy, in earnest coincidence with young Morton. "It's this old-fogy business on th' part of people who ought to be leadin' up th' dance for progress that sends me to bed tired in th' middle of th' day!" And here Big Kennedy shook his head reproachfully.

"My father drew his check," continued young Morton. "He couldn't let it come to me, however, without a chiding. Wonderful, how the aged like to lord it over younger folk with rebukes for following in their footsteps.

"'You speak of bankruptcy,' he said, sucking in his cheeks. 'Would it violate confidence should you tell me how you come to be in such a disgraceful predicament?' This last was asked in a spirit of sarcasm.

"'It was by following your advice, sir.'

"'Following my advice!' exclaimed my father. 'What do you mean, sir? Or are you mad?'

"'Not at all,' I returned. 'Don't you recall how, when I came from college, you gave me a world of advice, and laid particular stress on my establishing a perfect credit? "Nothing is done without credit," you said on that occasion; "and it should be the care of a young man as he enters upon life to see to it that his credit is perfect in every quarter of trade. He should extend his credit at every opportunity." This counsel made a deep impression upon me; and so I've extended my credit wherever I saw a chance until I owe a half million. I must say, father, that I think it would have saved me money had you told me to destroy my credit as hard as I could. In fostering my credit I but warmed a viper.'"

Young Morton paused to fire another cigarette, while the puckering about the corners of his eyes indicated that he felt he had turned the laugh upon his father. Following a puff or two, he came back gravely to Mulberry Traction.

"Do you approve of my proposition?" he asked Big Kennedy, "and will you give me your aid?"

"The proposition's all hunk," said Big Kennedy. "As to my aid, that depends on whether we come to terms."

"What share would you want?"

"Forty per cent. of the common stock," responded Big Kennedy. "That's always our end; forty per cent."

Young Morton drew in his lips. The figure seemed a surprise.

"Do you mean that you receive four millions of the common stock and pay nothing?" he asked at last.

"I don't pony for a sou markee. An' I get th' four millions, d'ye see!"

"But if you put in no money," remonstrated young Morton, "why should you have the stock? I admit that you ought to be let in on lowest terms; but, after all, you should put in something."

"I put in my pull," retorted Big Kennedy grimly. "You get your franchise from me."

"From the city," corrected young Morton.

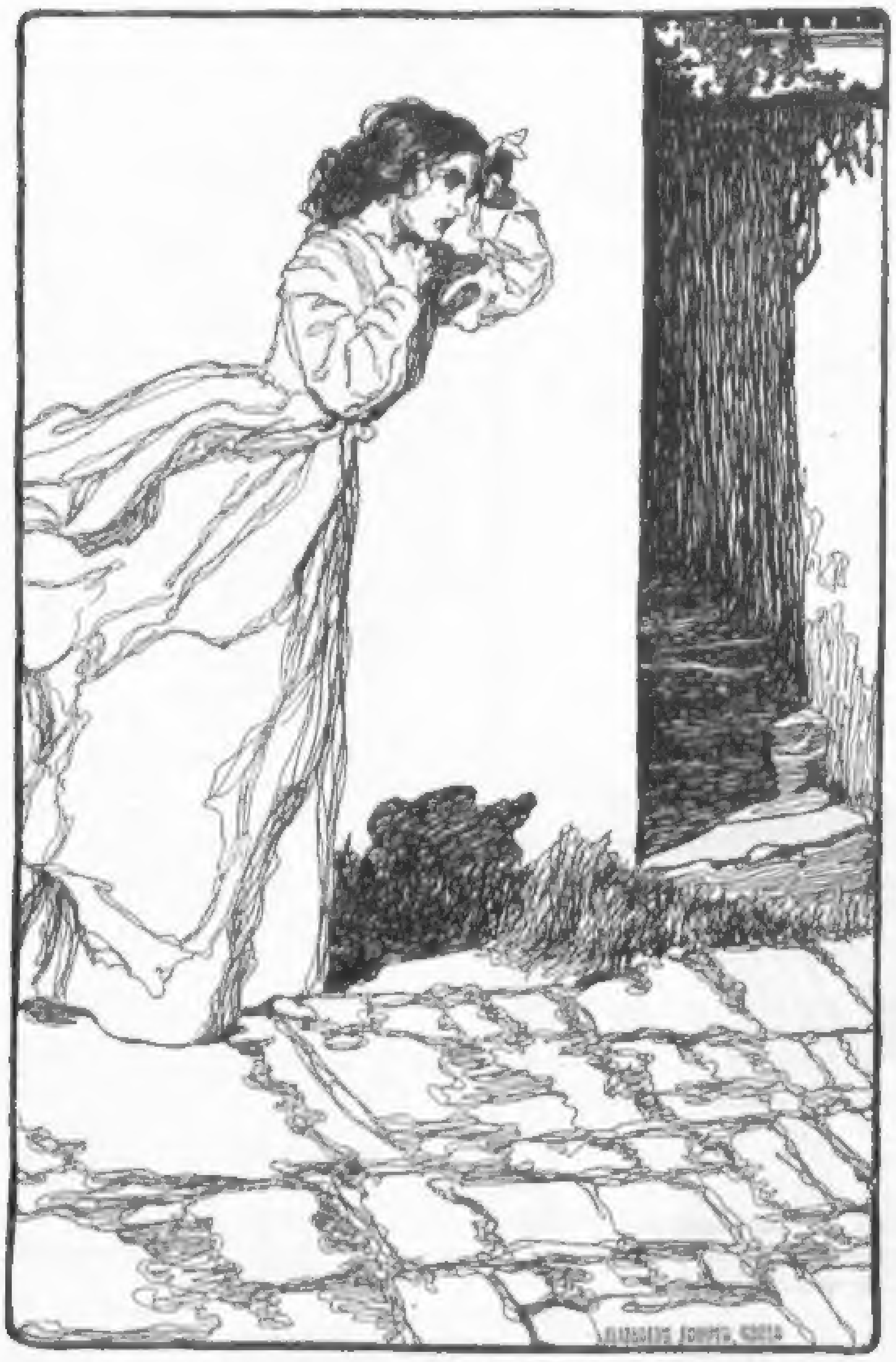
"I'm th' city," replied Big Kennedy. Then with a friendliness of humor: "Here, I like you an' I'll go out o' my way to educate you on this point. You're fly to some things an' a rustic on others. Now understand: The city's a come-on—a sucker—an' it belongs to whoever picks it up. That's me this trip, d'ye see! Now notice: I've got no office, I'm a private citizen same as you, an' I don't owe no duty to th' public. Every man has his pull—his influence. You've got your pull; I've got mine. When a man wants anything from th' town he gets his pull to work. In this case, my pull is bigger than all th' other pulls clubbed together. You get that franchise or you don't get it, just as I say. In short, you get it from me—get it by my pull, d'ye see! Now why shouldn't I charge for th' use of my pull, just as a lawyer asks his fee or a bank demands interest when it lends? My pull's my pull; it's my property as much as a bank's money is th' bank's or a lawyer's brains is th' lawyer's. I worked hard to get it, an' there's hundreds who'd take it from me if they could. There's my doctrine: I'm a private citizen; my pull is my capital, an' I'm as much entitled to get action on it in favor of myself as a bank has to shave a note. That's why I take forty per cent. It's little enough: the franchise will be four-fifths of th' whole value of th' road; an' all I have for it is two-fifths of five-ninths, for you've got to take into account them eight millions of preferred."

Young Morton was either convinced of the propriety of what Big Kennedy urged, or saw—the latter is the more likely surmise—that he must agree if he would attain success

(*Continued on Page 18*)

As it Happened in the Valley

By Harriet Riddle Davis



ONE THING: SHE WOULD GO WHEREVER BRADLEY DID!

THE straggling, quaint old town was pulseless and still in the mid-September night. The trees all up and down the silent streets nodded and swayed back and forth in the breeze, as though rejoicing in the mysterious, unwonted quiet. Nothing could be heard but the whir and chirp of katydids and crickets in the shrubbery, save the faint ripple of the creek near by.

Captain Bradley Hampton came swinging down the deserted street with his sabre clanking at every step of his buoyant, confident way. He took off his old gray hat to let the breeze play more freely and to get a better glimpse in the moonlight of all the familiar houses and trees. It was the first time since the campaign in the Valley had begun that it had been his good fortune to be billeted near his native town, for he had been fighting and bearing dispatches hither and yon, and now at last he had been ordered for duty on the General's staff and was General Early's personal aide.

When the General, a day or two before, had driven Sheridan's troops back and had intrenched his army on the banks of Opequan Creek, he had taken up his headquarters near Winchester, and no one guessed the thrill that ran through the impetuous young Captain at the chance thus given to him.

For at the far end of the town, quite upon the outskirts, where the town ended and the fields began, lived his little Quaker friend and playmate whom he had known all his life, who was so opposed to all this strife and bloodshed, and who, when he had put on his gray uniform, had refused to bid him good-by, although they had been almost openly avowed sweethearts. He had not seen her in months.

He stepped more hesitatingly as he came within sight of the quaint, gabled house. Yes, there was the picket fence, only some of the pickets were gone, and there was the little path leading up to the house, bordered on each side by old-time flowers, and with the Rose of Sharon bush at the corner. There was the vine-covered porch whose broad, brooding roof enveloped it in sombre shadow. There was no light anywhere to be seen and no evidence of life about the porch. He softly clicked the latch of the gate and walked up the path uncertainly. Not until he was at the very foot of the steps did he discern any living thing; then there stepped out into the broad light of the moon a figure luminous and white.

He stood a moment gazing up into the face of the girl. His hat had dropped to the ground, and the moon reburnished with pale, silvery light the tarnished straps on his shoulders and the faded knots on his sword hilt, while the sash that was knotted around his gray service coat showed dully red. On his face the signs of deep emotion were plainly visible.

As for the girl, she was a fair vision in this bright light, with all the sombre shadows for a background. The wide, pliant folds of her white print gown and the kerchief crossed upon her bosom befitted her, the young Captain thought, as the raiment of an angel might have done. She stood twisting and untwisting her nervous fingers as she returned his gaze and not a word was spoken.

At last the Captain cleared the space between them with a bound and, catching the nervous fingers, pressed them to his lips, murmuring her name in a low voice:

"Ellice!"

And his name came back faintly: "Bradley!"

At this he made an impetuous move to draw her within the circle of his arm, but the spell was broken. She drew back and said, with quiet simplicity, as though she had seen him but a few days before:

"I may not ask you to come within, Captain Hampton, for father and mother are from home. Father has just been taken to headquarters for detention — your General regards him as a suspect — and mother has gone to some of our influential townspeople to try for his release. But will you sit on the porch?"

For a moment he did not reply. He was turning over in chilled surprise her mode of addressing him. He broke out with almost boyish complaint:

"You call me 'Captain,' Ellice, and you have dropped 'thee' and address me as 'you!'" he said, bewildered.

She spoke gently and coldly:

"The old order is changed, along with this war-ridden town. You are a Confederate soldier, a Captain, and you know that we Friends bear strong testimony against all strife and bloodshed, and cannot, nay, must not, hold with those who make a profession of killing."

"I only know, Ellice, one thing: that you are my old playmate and the love of my life, and that you, like me, are a native-born Virginian, and that, Friend or no Friend, you cannot help going with the Cause. And I mean, when this war is over, that you shall marry me," he said passionately.

"I can never marry any one who has killed another. It would be against the Discipline, against the Meeting, and against——"

He interrupted, and with quick skill seized upon a phrase of the plain language which he turned to his use:

"Never mind the Discipline or the Meeting, Ellice. Does it not 'meet the witness within'?"

She drew back suddenly into the shadow lest he should see by the light of the moon the flood of crimson color that mounted to the edge of her hair. He leaned toward her, peering insistently into her face, and following up his advantage he reiterated:

"Does it not 'meet the witness within,' Ellice?"

She would not, could not answer, and he cried out in triumph:

"Ah, you will not admit, but you cannot deny! You dare not!"

Ellice rallied herself quickly, and, with an assumption of ease and whole-hearted frankness, said, with friendly accents, as she drew a wicker chair farther into the moonlight:

"This is no time for banter, Bradley."

"Banter!" he echoed grimly; "it is no banter with me, Ellice."

"Well, then, it is no time to talk of our own affairs——"

He would have interrupted her when she used the delightfully inclusive words "our affairs," but she put out her hand imperatively to stay him, and continued:

"I can think of nothing but that father is held as a 'suspect,' and that brutal war is all around us. Thee surely knows, Bradley, that this town has been one long horror ever since the fighting began in the Valley. We are the key to the whole position and we have changed hands something like twenty times already."

"How many Yankee troops occupied the town last week, Ellice?" interrupted the Captain quickly, with ever a soldier's eye and ear for the enemy.

There was an instant of pause and constraint in Ellice's manner; then she said quietly:

"Why, thee knows probably better than I how many there were."

"Crook was here, was he not?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet and talk with any of them?" he asked.

"Y-e-s," she admitted.

"How did that happen?" he asked sharply.

"We billeted some of them, and once I had quite a talk with General Crook."

"Did you learn anything? Do you know how many Sheridan has with him now?"

She flashed out: "Thee does not suppose that a Union soldier would let fall a scrap of information in a rebel town like Winchester, which was being held almost at the point of the bayonet, does thee?"

There was a light in her eyes as she spoke. He laughed amusedly and said:

"Oh, ho; so you call the town a 'rebel' town, do you, Ellice? Is this what the Yankees taught you? It is high time we drove them clean out of the Valley, as we mean to do before we invade Maryland again. But I should think you might have managed to find out how big a force Sheridan has. We hear that he has ten thousand cavalry and thirty-five thousand infantry. It is lucky that he doesn't know with what a small force we drove them back. Why, our line was so thin——"

The girl interrupted suddenly, in a hurried way:

"Thee must not tell me a single thing, Bradley; I don't want to know; I am sick of war and of — soldiers," she said with almost a sob.

He laid his hand over hers and said:

"No wonder, poor little girl. We will talk of ourselves and of what we mean to do when the war is over. In the first place I shall go to headquarters to-night and get an order for your father's immediate release. I shall explain to the General how it is with the Friends — that their religion forbids their taking any oath of any kind and that your father is not to be molested so long as we hold this town. I don't know how long that will be. Sheridan won't stop long where he is. We must hold this place until our other divisions can get here to reënforce us. We have in hand only about eight thousand five hundred infantry in any fit condition to fight and only about three thousand mounted men, three battalions of artillery and a few pieces of——"

"Bradley! Never mind what you have or where posted! I implore thee to tell me nothing," she interrupted.

But the enthusiasm of the soldier was fully aroused, and he launched upon the theme that was so dear to his heart.

"But, Ellice, I wish that you should understand our position exactly, for then you will more fully understand our triumph. There is going to be one of the greatest battles of the war fought right here. We've posted Ramseur out on the plateau between Abraham's Creek and Red Bud Run, just there out on the Berryville Road. You know the place?"

"Yes," she assented faintly.

"Well," he continued, "our artillery under Nelson is posted on Ramseur's line, covering the approaches as nearly as possible, and Lomax, with Jackson's cavalry and a part of Johnson's, is to be on the right, while Fitz Lee will be on the left across the Red Bud Run; and then as soon as Gordon and Rhodes' divisions get here we shall——"

He broke off and exclaimed: "Why, what is it, Ellice?"

She had arisen suddenly to her feet and was standing erect and rigid. The pale light showed her face white with tension.

"I thought I heard something," she said, as though speaking to herself.

He listened for a moment, then said reassuringly:

"There's nothing to fear — our pickets are all about the town, and we have an outlying picket line. No one can get through."

Still she stood in an attitude of listening.

"Oh," he said lightly, after a moment, "it is only a whippoorwill. You always used to answer a whippoorwill. Try it now and see if he won't fly nearer."

"Oh, no, no, Bradley! I couldn't; indeed I couldn't," she said shrinkingly.

He laughed indulgently and said: "Then I will answer him for you. I——"

But Bradley got no farther, for a soft palm was suddenly pressed over his lips and a pair of terrified eyes looked into his.

"No, no, for mercy's sake, Bradley, don't thee answer that foolish bird!" she cried.

And Bradley did not answer the bird. Instead, the soft palm which voluntarily had sought his lips was held a prisoner there in his strong grasp and was kissed again and again with fervor. He said gravely

"You have placed it there, and, please God, what is given me I will keep for my own."

She tried gently to free her hand, but after a moment she let it remain in his and there was an expression of peace and content on her face.

"Ellice, will you marry me to-morrow morning?" He spoke quickly, almost sternly

"Oh, no," she returned

"Then as soon as there is peace here in the Valley will you marry me?"

"No, no, no," she said again, though faintly

He held her near to him and said in a low voice:

"The marriage words among Friends are like this, aren't they? 'In the presence of the Lord and before this assembly I, Bradley Hampton, take Ellice Wayne to be my wife, promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us.' Is that the formula?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then after I have said it you will say the same words of promise?

Ellice's head was downbent. She made an indistinct reply which he had to stoop low to catch. Suddenly in the still September night a musket-shot rang out clear and loud, reverberating all up and down the deserted streets, and it was followed by what sounded like the turning out of a guard at double-quick.

The Captain straightened himself instantly. He was at attention. He spoke hurriedly.

"I shall have to go. Something may be wrong. I shall be here early to-morrow. Good-night, Ellice; I carry your pledge with me."

He gathered her swiftly in his arms for an instant, then with a quick snatch at his hat went striding buoyantly down the little walk and clicked the gate behind him, and Ellice heard his steps resound all down the street. Then everything grew still again, with only the katydids and crickets and the murmur of the Opequan to be heard

Ellice dropped into the wicker chair and covered her face with her hands. She was in a tumult and could not bear that the inquisitive moon should shine upon her face. She could not think clearly. She was at war with herself. She was at war with Bradley. She loved him, but he was in the wrong. She loved her native State, but she was at war with it. She was at war with the Cause, and what was the end to be?

If she were to be called on suddenly to act, to choose, which way should she go? Here was her teaching, on the one hand, from her father, from the Meeting, from the Discipline, with the tacitly understood resolve among the Friends, of whom her father was one of the sternest, to help the Union cause wherever and whenever opportunity offered; and there, on the other hand, was Bradley!

She never knew just how long she sat on that vine-covered porch with her face hidden from the moon. She scarcely even noticed that the moon was turning away from her and leaving her in shadow. She was utterly oblivious of everything save the problem that confronted her, until a low, tremulous bird call, such as she had not dared to heed earlier in the evening, fell upon her ear

And she knew that she had been listening for it ever since. Bradley had gone. She arose from her chair. Her hands were clinched and her teeth were set She waited yet an instant, then from the shrubbery came again the low, plaintive sound Instantly she sent out a low, steady answering call:

"Whippoorwill!"

She peered in strained attention out into the night until she discerned a shadow blacker and queerer than any the moon could cast. She stepped to the railing and held outstretched the palm which Bradley had kissed a little while before and received in it a tiny ball of something. Without a word, without even a rustle of her skirts, she sped into the house, up the shallow stairs to her own nunlike room, and striking a light, which she sheltered carefully lest any faint ray should betray her to the silent street without, she began with shaking, clumsy fingers to unfold bit by bit a ball of lead foil

Her heart was almost suffocating her with its strange unaccustomed beating, and her fingers trembled so that the mysterious missive was in danger of destruction. When she came to the last twist of the foil she found a scrap of tissue paper within. She smoothed it out carefully, then held her candle close to the words which covered it, and these were the words:

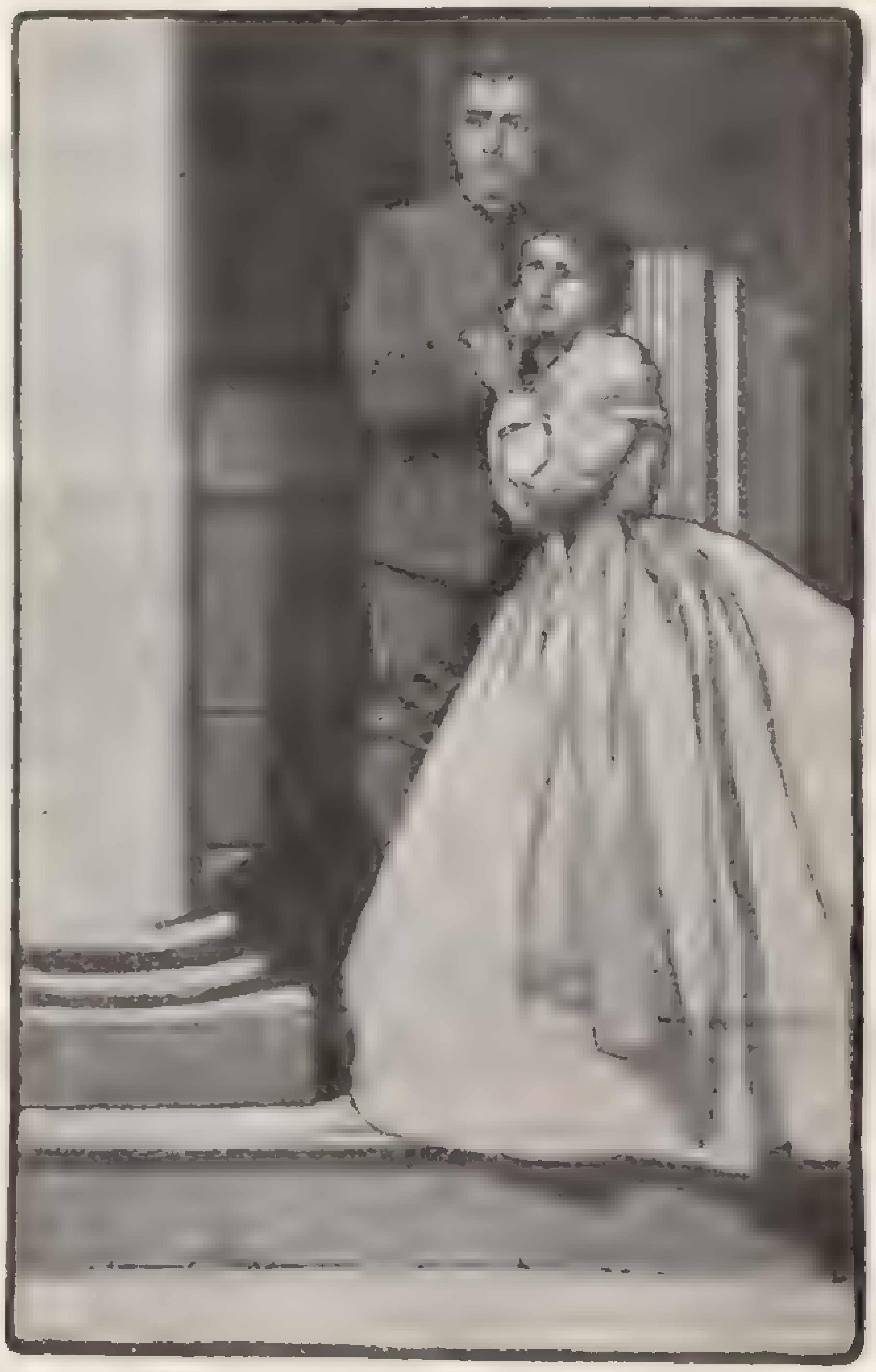
> "Have you any definite information of the forces and position of General Early? If so, transmit by bearer.
> SHERIDAN.'

She dropped the paper and wrung her hands for a moment in silence and whispered to herself words of frantic appeal

"What shall I do? Which way shall I go? My pledge of help to the Union—my pledge of love to Bradley! Oh! why should it have been Bradley who told me? I tried to keep him from telling. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

She walked up and down, spending the force of her passion of indecision in distressed words; then suddenly she made her choice She picked up the bit of tissue paper and began to set down words in tiny characters on the back of it

> "8500 infantry. 3000 mounted men. 3 battalions artillery. Only a few pieces of horse artillery Ramseur on plateau between Abraham's Creek and Red Bud Run. Nelson with artillery covering approaches of Ramseur; Lomax with Jackson's and part of Johnson's cavalry on right. Lee on left across Red Bud. Expecting Gordon and Rhodes' divisions to reenforce. Plan to give battle on arrival [illegible] not to be invaded.
> E. W.'



SUDDENLY IN THE STILL SEPTEMBER NIGHT A MUSKET-SHOT RANG OUT CLEAR AND LOUD

She ran down the stairs and out to the porch, and making another low, clear bird call, gave to the black shadow, which seemed to rise up out of the earth, the same bit of lead foil which she had received, and she saw the shadow place it in its mouth and vanish It was all over and not one word had been spoken

She dropped, more dead than alive, into the same wicker chair, and with her head resting upon the railing sat immovable throughout all that short September night. Every rustle of the leaves overhead, every motion of the vine around the porch, had power to thrill her with dread and foreboding as she sat and listened and waited. When the first shaft of light of morning pierced the upper strata of air, it came.

A sharp, rapid roll of musketry at daybreak, followed by an unmistakable uproar in the town, told plainly that the onslaught had begun, that the picket lines about the town and those on the Opequan had been attacked and that the battle was on

How Ellice ever lived through that nineteenth day of September she could not have told. All day the roar of battle shook the town. All day the heavy pall of smoke obscured familiar objects, all day the people stayed huddled in their homes, making frantic dashes into the streets when an occasional bearer of dispatches clattered over the stones. The two armies surged back and forth like the angry billows of the sea.

Then, late in the afternoon, the Confederate forces came pressing back into the town. Step by step they retreated, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, till at sunset the whole army had fallen back through Winchester and had taken up its position at Newtown. That night Winchester went sullenly to bed, while the Federal army brought in its wounded and posted its picket lines around the town

Never during all that day had Ellice tasted food She seemed to be keeping a long, unbroken vigil on the vine-covered porch. The final coming of her mother and the release of her father had no power to move her from her stony, stricken condition. She put her mother away from her with dreary, enigmatical words

"It is something within me, mother. I am having convention with my conscience Thee must not press me beyond my freedom, but leave me to deal with myself as best I may

When the moon rose once more and looked benignly down upon the town and shone upon Ellice she sat as she had sat all day long, with bowed head, unheeding the advancing hours of night, as she had unheeded those of day. Morning would have found her still there, with bowed head, had she not heard her name spoken in a strange, hoarse way which sent a shiver of presentiment through her and brought her to her feet with her nerves in a tingle of fear She peered out into the shrubbery. Yes, something stood by the Rose of Sharon bush

It looked like Bradley—but could this wild looking figure be Bradley, hatless, with his coat, sash and sword gone, and with his flannel shirt torn and matted on his breast? Across the top of his head a stained band of something white was clumsily tied, and even by the light of the moon his face was haggard and grimed with blood and powder Ellice sprang toward him and called his name in an anguish of relief

"Bradley, Bradley! Thee is safe!"

Then, noticing his soaked shirt, she added in terror: "Thee is wounded!"

He shook off her hand and, looking at her with stern eyes while his mouth was set in a hard, straight line, said

"You sent the number and position of our troops to Sheridan last night?"

"Oh, Bradley!" was all she could say, putting up her hands to her face to shut out the savage gleam of his eyes

"Answer me! You got some one through our lines to Sheridan last night, and you told him the bitter truth of our weakness?"

She bowed her head dumbly. He broke out fiercely:

"You, you of all women—the woman I loved—betrayed me and betrayed the Cause!"

"The Cause was never my Cause, Bradley. I was torn two ways," she said eagerly, with an effort at self-defense.

He groaned, and said wildly: "I have been maddened all day by the thought that I, garrulous fool, had blabbed it all to a woman. I fought like a demon, hoping to be cut down and atone in some way with my life. I meant never to see your face again on earth—I——"

"Oh! Bradley, don't, don't! I cannot bear it! When peace comes to the Valley thee will forgive me; thee must forgive me; and come back to me."

For answer he turned away with a fierce gesture

"Where is thee going?" she cried, in accents of fresh terror, a new anxiety assailing her.

He made an effort to go toward the gate and as he turned he caught at the Rose of Sharon bush to steady himself

"Not that way, not that way, Bradley! Come back! Where is thee going?"

"To give myself up to the first Yankee I meet. I was too poor and mean a thing for their bullets to make an end of, but I may not be too poor and mean for their prisons," he muttered thickly.

"Thee shall not give thyself up! Thee shall not go!" she cried, beside herself

He jerked himself free from her detaining hand and fumbled with the latch of the gate and then staggered out to the street and began a blind, stumbling, uncertain walk toward the town. Ellice looked after him, not knowing what to do, and great tears gathered and splashed down on her gown. Suddenly she saw him put out his hands gropingly and grasp at the picket fence; then she hesitated no longer but sped swiftly out of the gate and followed.

She could see that he was leaving a trail of something dark at each step, and she wrung her hands convulsively. She was trying to form some plan of what she should do when they should meet a sentry. One thing: she would go wherever Bradley did'

It seemed to Ellice that they must have been walking for half the night, so slow and difficult was the way, and it was with positive relief that she finally heard a command ring out in the stillness

"Halt

What was the matter with Bradley that he did not obey? He could not have heard, she thought dully, for he went lunging forward. She saw the gleam of a bayonet in the moonlight. She saw two or three soldiers in blue come surging out of a door that opened on the street. There were words and curses. Her head reeled and things grew dim. Then she found herself being hustled into a bare room lighted by candles that were thrust into bayonet sockets She saw a long figure stretched out on the floor, with blood oozing out in a thin trail over the boards. Some one said jocularly'

'It's only a Johnny-reb, but he's dead, all right."

They made a motion as though to remove him, and with that Ellice's jaded wits rallied. She spoke up in clear, treble tones

"Who is in charge here?"

A young stripling of a lieutenant stepped forward and removed his cap. Ellice said, in an authoritative way.

"He is not dead!" indicating the prostrate form. "He is only badly wounded. Send for a surgeon."

There was a moment of hesitation while some one poked at the figure on the floor. Ellice's eyes flashed. She stepped forward into the light and said in a tone that made every man in the little room straighten up and stare at her

Don't one of you touch him! Send for a surgeon. And sir"—turning to the lieutenant—"will you give me a scrap of paper? I must send a message to your General commanding at once'

'Impossible, Miss; there is a council of war at headquarters, and the General is——"

A scrap of paper and pencil, sir!" she said again, looking the young officer straight in the eyes

He could not have told what it was that made him hand out to her, without further demur, the back of a sheet torn from an old letter which he carried

She scribbled something hurriedly, addressed it, and signed her name in full.

"Take this at once to General Sheridan's headquarters, and, failing General Sheridan, see that General Crook gets it. It is a matter of life and death."

Then, seeing his hesitancy, she said with confidence:

You need not hesitate. Your General will honor what is written on that paper."

And the scrap of paper was sent. Then a long vigil began. The candles smoked and flared in their sockets. The soldiers came into and went out of the little room at intervals, while the lieutenant scratched away at a report on a roughly improvised table. The night wore on and it was not until morning was near that there came a clattering of hoofs down the street. An officer, followed by an orderly, dismounted before the door. He entered in haste, and, acknowledging the salutes of the lieutenant and his men, said, removing his slouch hat'

"I am the bearer of an order for Miss Ellice Wayne."

He looked at Ellice keenly. She bowed her head in assent while her heart beat with suspense. He unfolded the order and read aloud, with rapid, military precision

"HEADQUARTERS SIXTH ARMY CORPS,
"WINCHESTER, Sept. 20, 3 a. m

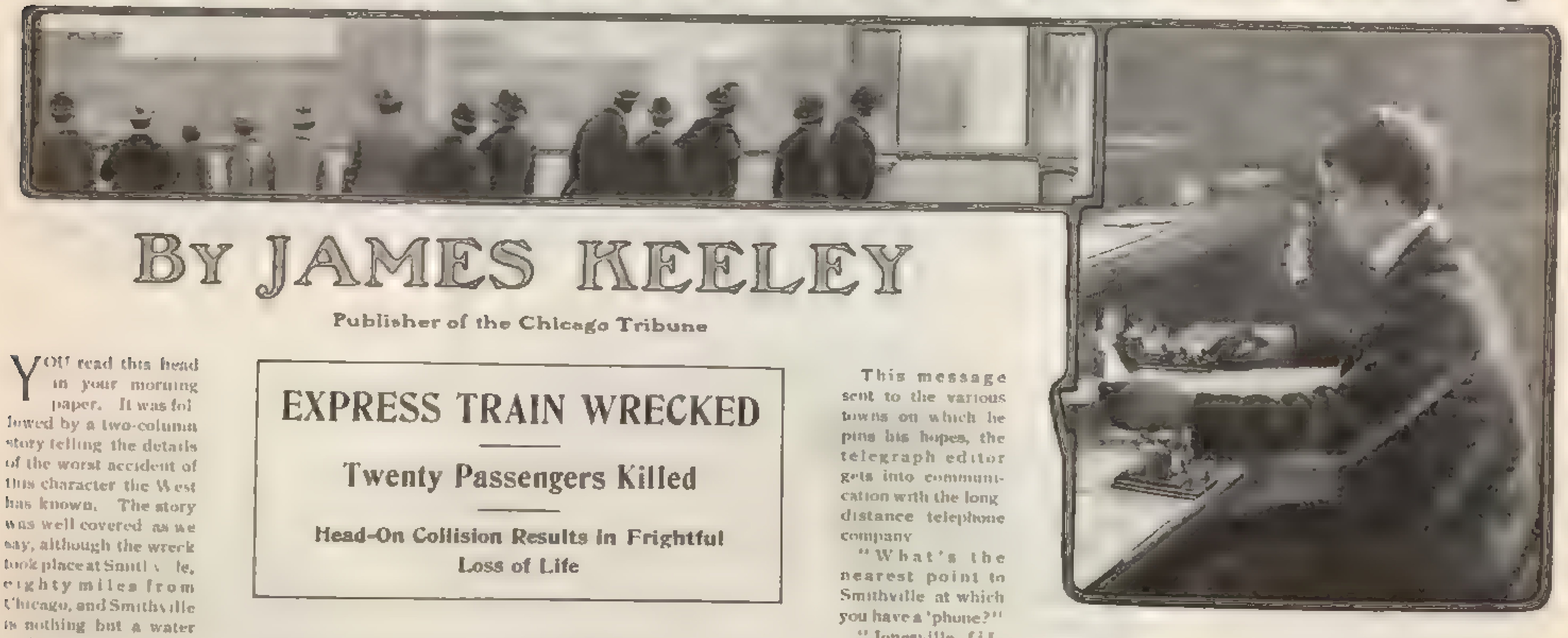
"Miss Ellice Wayne is hereby given permission to convey Captain Bradley Hampton, of General Early's staff, wounded yesterday at Opequan Creek, to her home. Every facility and assistance are to be given her, including medical attention and military detail Any request of hers is to be granted promptly by the officer in charge

"By order of the General Commanding

"[illegible] CROOK

(Continued on Page 16)

The Story of a News Story



BY JAMES KEELEY

Publisher of the Chicago Tribune

> **EXPRESS TRAIN WRECKED**
>
> **Twenty Passengers Killed**
>
> **Head-On Collision Results in Frightful Loss of Life**

YOU read this head in your morning paper. It was followed by a two-column story telling the details of the worst accident of this character the West has known. The story was well covered as we say, although the wreck took place at Smithville, eighty miles from Chicago, and Smithville is nothing but a water tank on the M., N., O. & P. Ry. Of course there is no newspaper at Smithville. The nearest newspaper man is ten miles away, and the chances are that he, in the language of the office, is no good

How did your morning paper get the news?

Well, it is more than likely that the bulletin on the story did not reach the office until 8:30—two hours after the wreck occurred. It is also probable that it came from the Associated Press, which possibly secured its information from the town in which division headquarters of the M., N., O. & P. are located, one hundred miles from the scene of activity. The first person it reached in the newspaper office was the boy who attends to the pneumatic tube through which the Associated Press report is sent to the various offices. If this boy was the counterpart of Richard Harding Davis 'Gallegher," and many of them are, it is not unlikely that he yelled as he opened the envelope and read its contents

"Gee! here's a bully wreck on the M., N., O. & P."

Two men jump for the sheet of paper in the boy's hands—the telegraph editor and the night editor. They read it at a glance. The telegraph editor grabs the book containing the names of the paper's correspondents and an atlas. He has never heard of Smithville and he knows he has no correspondent there. So he begins to hunt for the nearest point or points from which he can, if he is lucky, obtain a story. This information secured, he begins a telegraphic bombardment

"Please rush us 1000 words wreck on M., N., O. & P. Ry Make every effort to give us early story."

This message sent to the various towns on which he pins his hopes, the telegraph editor gets into communication with the long distance telephone company

"What's the nearest point to Smithville at which you have a 'phone?"

"Jonesville, fifteen miles away, is the nearest," is the disconcerting reply.

Another glance at the atlas. Jonesville is on the same railroad

"All right. Get Jonesville."

In the mean time the night editor has informed the managing editor of the good story—good, of course, only from the newspaper point of view. A railroad guide is pounced upon. It is now 8:40. A train on the M., N., O. & P. which passes through Smithville leaves in thirteen minutes. No words are wasted. The night editor runs upstairs and calls a telegraph operator, who seizes a relay instrument with one hundred feet of wire, which is always kept on hand for just such emergencies. The managing editor has been helping a reporter—the best one in the office at the time—on with his overcoat and has handed him $50. The reporter and operator jump into a cab secured by an office-boy and off they go. Generally they catch the train by about a minute, sometimes, as they say, by an eyelash. The whole transaction has taken probably less than six minutes. If it had taken seven or eight minutes the consequences might have been fatal in so far as the story was concerned, for there is no other train to Smithville until morning, and, although the country correspondent in a small town is a willing individual, he is a weak reed on which to lean when a big story is at stake. One of the celebrated characters of newspaper legend is the lone correspondent at Chatsworth, where one hundred lives were lost in a railroad wreck, who, in response to frantic appeals for a story, sent the never-to-be-forgotten message:

"All is excitement. Can send you nothing."

A newspaper man must mingle with the excitement, and from it extract the facts and a sane story, but if he ever makes a habit of absorbing the excitement he is apt to have to seek his daily support in some other field of labor.

It will be 10:50 at least before Reporter Brown reaches the scene, and when he gets there it is more than likely he will have his own troubles. Until quite recently railroad men were chary about allowing the use of wires for sending stories of wrecks, holdups, etc. They usually managed to keep all the available wires busy with railroad business, or said they were busy, which amounted to the same thing, and it was as much as a railroad operator's job was worth to give any information about such disasters; and to get him to send anything was practically impossible. But times have changed on some of the railroads, and also in other avenues of news. Men have learned that the reporter is not entirely to blame for printing an erroneous statement when they have done everything possible to keep him from getting the facts. On some of the roads every facility is given for the collection of news, and some of the more enlightened have even gone so far as to furnish official reports of news stories, and these reports are almost always accurate. This also is a change from the "good old times."

One of the big railroad men of Chicago has said that he had come to the conclusion that the reporter who is not refused information by the people who have the information is much more likely to get an accurate story than if his every effort to get at the facts is thwarted by the very people who next day complain about the inaccuracy of the press

The decent newspaper wants to print the truth. There is nothing to be gained by printing a lie. A lie is a business boomerang. A newspaper's reputation for reliability is its stock in trade. Inaccuracy is the cardinal sin. Doubtless some will think that newspaper men are all in need of absolution. A good newspaper man should be, and generally is, a trained observer. He should also be a human phonograph. He is less liable to err in describing what he sees and reproducing what he hears than the average individual.

The Personal Equation

LET half a dozen men see an accident, or a football play, or any incident in which there is action; let each of these men describe what he saw. I will venture to state that no two will agree on what really happened. And yet each will insist on the correctness of his version. And many times a newspaper story is based on stories told by witnesses of the occurrence Fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, the reporter is rarely "on the spot." He has to depend on what some one else saw and is often the victim of the inaccuracy of a well-intentioned but poor observer.

To bring the illustration home, let us take a baseball game It is the last half of the ninth inning Your favorite team needs one run to tie and two to win. Two men are out, the bases are full, the man at the bat makes a hit. Mr. Goodplayer at third base gathers the ball in and throws home The runner slides and the umpire says "You are out." Then what happens? How many of the gentlemen in the grandstand will stake their lives on the fact that the runner then beat the ball by, we will say, five feet. This number is equaled by the gentlemen who will also stake their lives that he beat it out by ten feet, and it is not at all unlikely that some enthusiast can be found who will take a solemn oath that he beat it by a block. Of course they mean what they say. They are only asserting what they believe they saw But the umpire is just as certain that the runner was beaten.

Last fall there was an accident at a football game on Marshall field. The first report which reached The Tribune office said that twenty-five people were killed. These reports came from people who saw the accident. What were the facts? No one was killed on the field, though one boy died three or four days afterward.

This divergence of vision is a well-known and recognized fact in law, and astronomers have the "personal equation" to account for difference in observations and other inaccuracies which creep into calculations.

The reporter's eye and the reporter's brain come from the same stock as the rest of mankind. They are not immune from the failings common to the race of human beings. We are of the same blood and flesh and bone as our friends, the newspaper critics. Possibly some scientist will discover a "one point of view serum" with which we can be inoculated, but until then I think we shall have to go on

Printing the thing as we see it
For the gods of things as they are.

In the hurry of getting out in eight hours a 70,000 word picture of what has occurred in twenty-four hours it is absurd to imagine that in the 20,000 statements of fact in these 70,000 words there should not be a mistake. When the day comes in which all men shall see and hear alike we shall all be divine, and the Father of Lies will be childless.

The average individual is naturally an exaggerator. The long bow is his favorite weapon. He likes to tell a little bit bigger story than the man who told it to him. This gratifies his self-importance. It is into this mass of exaggerations and embellishments the reporter has to dig, and mine, and delve, and extract therefrom the plain facts which are given to the public and which set at rest a thousand wild rumors.

While I have been trying to make you discredit what you see and disbelieve the testimony of your own ears, things have been happening. The telegraph editor has been placed in communication with the manager of the long-distance telephone at Jonesville. The manager knows little or nothing about the accident. She had heard that there had been a collision, twenty-five people had been killed, three or four cars burned, and that nearly every passenger on the train had been injured. The cause of the wreck she didn't know, and all her knowledge was from gossip over the wire.

While the telegraph editor was securing this information the city editor, or one of his assistants, was talking to the superintendent of the M., N., O. & P in Chicago. The superintendent believed he had heard that there had been a wreck. The information, however, as he said, made him certain that no one was killed, that a few people had been injured, none seriously, and that the wreck didn't amount to much.

A little later a correspondent fifteen miles from the scene bulletined

"Big wreck on M., N., O. & P. at Smithville. Thirty people killed. How much?"

Almost before the message has been carried into the telegraph editor's room another correspondent eight or nine miles away offered this

"Frightful loss of life at Smithville. Head-on collision. Forty people killed, 100 injured. Special train carrying doctors just passed through here."

Another correspondent kills off fifty people and injures twenty Still another burns up the entire train and practically wipes out the passengers and crew.

Further communication with the local superintendent discloses the fact that he has received later information which leads him to believe that one or two people may have been killed and that it is possible that an express car may have been burned, but he scoffs at the statement that half a dozen persons have been killed

Then there is a period of anxious waiting. It is certain that the story is a big one, but it is also evident from the wild bulletins that the paper will have to depend upon its own man to get an adequate, truthful story.

How the Wreck is "Covered"

BROWN is a good reporter. He knows many things depend on him that night. The extent of the disaster and the size of the story mean a whole lot in the makeup of the paper, and when you go to press at 12:30 and just an hour before the "dead line" (over which nothing short of the assassination of a President can obtrude) you do not know whether you will have half a column or two columns of your feature story. It creates a chaotic condition of things in more ways than one The size of other stories depends upon the amount of space that will be required by the big story of the night. The placing of stories on the first and other pages will have to be determined by the size of the star story. Brown knows this, so when the train stops at a pretty good-sized town twenty miles from the scene of the wreck he hops out on the platform, rushes into the telegraph office and commences to dig. He has only three minutes in which to conduct his investigation, but in those three minutes he has gleaned enough information to enable him to send the following message:

"Good yarn. Twelve to fifteen dead, twenty-five injured Three cars burned. Head on collision between Pacific Coast flyer and East-bound freight

When that message reaches the office the atmosphere is cleared. Brown, it is known, will reach Smithville at 10:50 The managing editor and the night editor know what he will do. He will put in twenty minutes getting all the facts possible in that space of time. While he is doing this his operator is seeing what his wire facilities are going to be. The chances are that there are two "quad" wires in the little depot, and he can use one of them

At Both Ends of the Wire

BROWN works at high pressure buttonholing officials, questioning survivors, and getting as rapidly as possible a clear statement of just what happened. While he is doing this he is mentally outlining the form his story will take, so that when he begins to write he moves along smoothly, uninterruptedly and rapidly. He starts his story with the statement that two trains met, giving the reason for their meeting, if he can, stating how many were killed and how many injured Then he gives a list of the killed and injured, arranging the names alphabetically, following with a detailed, extended story of the accident. We will say that he starts to write at 11:15. He knows that in an emergency such as this copy can be taken until fifteen minutes after midnight — that is fifteen minutes before going to press. In that space of time he will write 1500 words. That 1500 will represent 1700 in the paper He will not write out the "a's," the "the's" and the "and's." He will abbreviate common words. His story, however, will not reach The Tribune office in this shape. He is using a code which the operator is also using in sending. The man who sends follows the telegraphic style of abbreviation in universal use, but the man who receives writes it out in full

Telegraph copy and ninety per cent. of the local copy is typewritten. A man can write more rapidly on the typewriter, a printer can set up twenty-five per cent more typewritten copy than longhand copy, and a proofreader can follow typewritten copy more rapidly than old-style longhand.

Now while Brown is at work sending in his story we will follow the yarn through its various courses in the office.

All telegraph matter is received on sheets of paper holding, say, 300 words, but on a late story the telegraph operators are instructed to triple the space between the lines and to use half sheets only; in other words, instead of waiting for 300 words, the story is handed to the telegraph editor in 100 word "takes." He passes it to a telegraph copy-reader. His duty is to read the story, paragraph it properly, correct all errors of composition, grammar and spelling, to write the subheads with which the main points of a story are emphasized, and finally to write the head, which should be, and generally is, a terse description of the main features of the story.

The Rush Hour in the Composing-Room

IN THE early part of the evening a copy-reader handles a story in its entirety before sending it to the composing-room, but late at night on rush stories he reads and sends it "running." Each story is given a name and the name of this one we will call "Wreck." That name is written in the upper left-hand corner of the first page and at the bottom it is marked "more" and sent out to the copy-box. Page 1 is followed by pages 2, 3, 4, 5, each marked "1st add wreck, "2d add wreck," as rapidly as they are received and read by the telegraph editor. The copy-box is ruled by a copy-cutter. He feeds the copy to the printers. Early in the evening the "takes" run from 250 to 300 words; as the night grows older they decrease in length. Woe betide the copy-cutter who sends out long takes at midnight.

When the copy reaches the copy-cutter he enters it on a memorandum blank, giving it a name or a letter. This story is called "Wreck." It is not a routine piece of news, and so there is no "Wreck" slug A slug is a piece of metal which in raised type carries the name of a routine story, such as insurance, music, drama and editorial. Non-routine matter goes by letter. These slugs are the guide-posts which enable the makeup men to reassemble the story in type after it has been cut up into twenty or thirty pieces and set by as many men in different parts of the composing room to facilitate rapid setting, as interminable delay would result if one compositor should set a story in its entirety

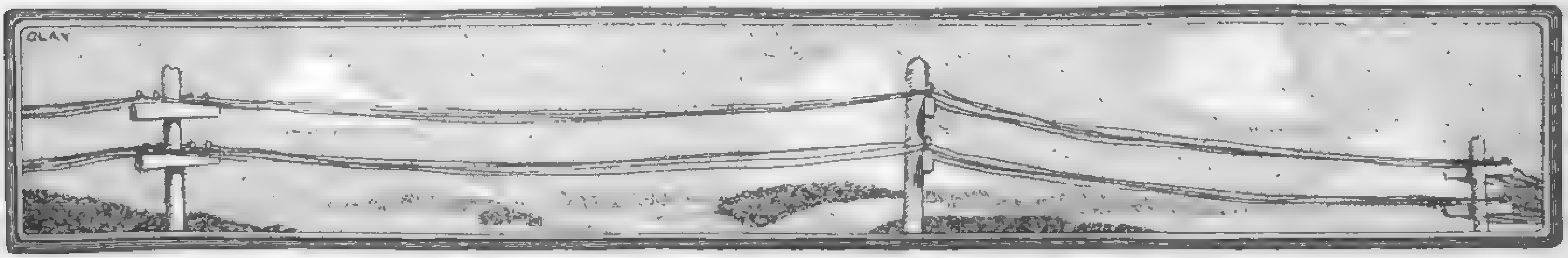
We will say that the wreck story goes out on the letter R. The first sheet contains 100 words. That is the average size of a take given to a printer late at night. This is marked R 1. The next sheet or take, R 2, and so on to the end of the story.

A fast printer will set 1300 words an hour by machine, so that in the time it would take to describe the mechanism of the machine the first seven or eight men who are setting the wreck story practically have completed their takes. As soon as R 1 has finished his stunt he takes his handful of still hot type to the dumping galley, its proper place being indicated by the letter R 1 chalked there by the galley boy, who inspects the copy-cutter's sheet and prepares the dumping place for the various stories. R 2 is not far behind him, and when R 3 has deposited his part of the story on the galley it goes to the electric proof press.

In the early part of the evening it is not usual to take proof of so small an amount of type, but late at night everything is cut down. The methods and merits and demerits of proofreaders we all know. When the corrected proof comes back to the composing-room, lines in which errors have been found are reset. This is the only drawback of the linotype machine. In the old way an error was corrected with one type, now the entire line has to be reset. When the corrected lines have been substituted for those containing errors, the galley is passed to the makeup men. They are the persons who assemble the type in the forms. The form must still be justified, locked and whirled away to the stereotyping room, the matrix must be made from the form and from the matrix the plates for the presses, before the printing can begin.

It is now 12:32

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

❡ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

❡The receiver of flattery is usually sincere.

❡Caution is often another name for honesty.

❡Charity covers a multitude of sinners; and it feeds them, too.

❡An apology is hard to make, harder to take, and hardest to shake

❡A self-made man botches the job when he thinks he has finished the work

❡Ability never amounts to much until it acquires two more letters—*stability*.

❡The value of life used to depend on the liver; now it is the vermiform appendix.

❡Wall Street is a very small thoroughfare, but it is not a straight and narrow path

❡Matrimony may be speculation, but it is well for the girls not to stay too long on the market.

❡It is easy for a man to be willing to put himself in another's place when the place pays $10,000 a year.

❡Great Britain need not despair. She may lose leadership in other things, but she can still supply dukes and earls for the American demand

The Good of Dull Times

A SHRINKAGE in stocks is not so exhilarating as a bubbling boom, but it has advantages of its own. For some years we have been fed on tales of suddenly acquired wealth, and of the mad extravagances of its possessors. We have heard how Jones has cleaned up fifty million dollars by combining ten factories worth a million apiece into a hundred-million-dollar trust, and how Mrs. Jones buys her diamonds by the quart without asking the price. We have had countless essays upon the best methods of achieving success in life—success meaning the acquisition of at least a million dollars. The whole standard of living has been adjusting itself to an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, or upward. There may have been people with less than that, but they have been ashamed to confess their poverty, and the purveyors of current literature have contemptuously ignored them. At home, everybody has had a butler and a coachman; when he dines in public it is at Sherry's or at the Waldorf, and when he travels it is on his steam yacht or his private car. The community has been trying to live up to this standard of opulence, and finding it a considerable strain.

The strain is beginning to relax now. When five thousand million dollars of paper values evaporate from stocks in a year, even multi-millionaires notice the difference. Some gigantic fortunes have been wiped out; others have been cut in two, and nearly all have been hard hit. The pace at Newport slackens. Mrs. Midas begins to ask the price of her gowns before she orders them. The papers find other things to talk about than the growth of new money-kings overnight. The price of dukes in the international marriage market declines.

The people who have been desperately clinging to the ragged edge of fashion have to give up the struggle and be themselves.

All this helps to stave off the threatened dissolution of American democracy. It gives us a breathing space in which we may compute how much is left of our old principles and what the chances are of preserving the remainder. It may not bring us back to the old ideals of "plain living and high thinking," for a nation that has once tasted luxury does not go back easily to simplicity, but it may at least help us to recover the conception of a man as a human being. If we stop to think we may be surprised to realize how completely we have lost sight of this idea. When our grandfathers heard one of the great names of their day—Clay, or Webster, or Channing, or Davy Crockett—they thought at once of a being of flesh and blood, with individual characteristics and a share in the ordinary activities of life. But the contemporary great names of Newport and Fifth Avenue suggest nothing but a pile of dollars. The little human personality attached to the overshadowing millions is as inconspicuous and unnoticed as a limpet on a reef. A pause in the accumulation of wealth may give a little better show to the man behind the coin

Concerning Old Maids

UNTIL the last few years there was—speaking generally—entirely too much anxiety in the minds of many young women lest peradventure in the distribution of husbands they should be left out. The improvement has come with the expanding of the gainful pursuits open to women and with the better education of women. Now we seem in a fair way to reach that common-sense stage where even the ugliest and least desirable men will admit that there are worse things in the world than being an old maid.

Many a young woman's life has been cursed by this over-anxiety on the subject of marriage. Parents cannot be too careful in training their daughters not to worry about a husband, but to wait cheerfully until the right sort of man comes along and shows signs of "serious intentions." An old maid or an old bachelor is a failure; but not such a pitiable failure as a cat-and-dog married life or a divorce.

Besides, the girl who is too anxious does not play the game with the necessary cool head and steady hand

Why Americans Succeed

IN THE many reports and explanations educated observers are making to the governments and newspapers of Europe upon America's financial and industrial leadership we are beginning to find the broad truth which they have discovered underlying the great mass of facts and statistics.

First, it was the extent of our natural resources. Second, it was the push and vitality of a new people drawing upon the expertness of the old. Then it was the combination of politics and events which threw upon this land the majority of the passing advantages.

Now, finally, the real truth is dawning and it has a brighter significance than all that has gone before. In brief, it recognizes that the source of American strength is to be found in the democracy of effort and achievement and opportunity which exists here as it has never existed in any other place at any other period in the world's history.

Mr. Carnegie has been busy telling Englishmen and Scotchmen about it and contending that America was necessary to prop up the sovereignty of the English-speaking people all over the world. Lord Charles Beresford only a few months ago took off his hat to America because he found in her population the strength which was making itself invincible everywhere, and the other day, after his defeat, Sir Thomas Lipton declared, "In England there are classes and classes and classes; classes that do not mix. Here all are in touch. The New Yorker who has his home on Fifth Avenue goes downtown to his business and transacts it touching elbows with others who are striving for wages or wealth, and there is a kind feeling here which no man can fail to note—a feeling that one man is as good as another."

The other day an American manufacturer, who had invaded Europe, gave a banquet in London to his English clerks and representatives. It simply startled the Englishmen. Nothing like it had ever occurred in their experience. Here was the American millionaire meeting them as friends. They wondered and wondered, but they got up from the table with a new pride in their breasts and with a new usefulness for their employer

We read and hear much about inherited wealth and the aristocracy it threatens to create, but if we watch very carefully we shall see that even the rich man's son must take his chances in the competition of the day. In spite of all that can be arrayed to show class distinctions there is far more of vital democracy among us than a superficial observation shows.

As we dig down we see that in this equality is not only the strength of our government, but the effectiveness of our work. There is planted in every breast the idea that one may accomplish wealth or position if the proper effort and intelligence are used. This belief is an uplifting power greater and stronger than any adventitious influence.

It is, too, a power that will keep the nation forever young, because it flows from an eternal spring of work and ambition. Our future presidents are touching elbows at the crossroads or in the crowded streets. Our future plutocrats are plodding away at their tasks. Great is to-day, but to-morrow has a sunshine and beauty of its own

Thinking for the Army

ONE of the duties of the new Army General Staff will be to organize the military resources of the nation, so that whatever elements of fighting strength we have may be immediately available in time of need. Already this work has been begun by the formulation of a plan under which six second lieutenantcies in the regular army will be allotted each year to honor graduates of schools and colleges in which military instruction is given by army officers. This will make a beginning of bridging a singularly illogical and unnecessary gap in our defensive system. More than forty years ago Congress provided for military training in the land-grant colleges, presumably with some practical purpose in view. This policy has been extended until now thousands are receiving theoretical and practical instruction in the art of war under regular army officers. There are several institutions each of which is giving such instruction to two or three times as many men as are studying at West Point. Yet when we are distributing commissions to new officers, after providing for the West Point graduating class and a few promotions from the ranks we begin making "appointments from civil life" on the recommendation of politicians in apparent unconsciousness of the existence of this great body of more or less trained intelligence. We let our apprentice officers learn at the expense of the service the rudimentary lessons that we have been laboriously instilling into these thousands of college students, whom we turn into civil life without giving them a chance to use their military knowledge.

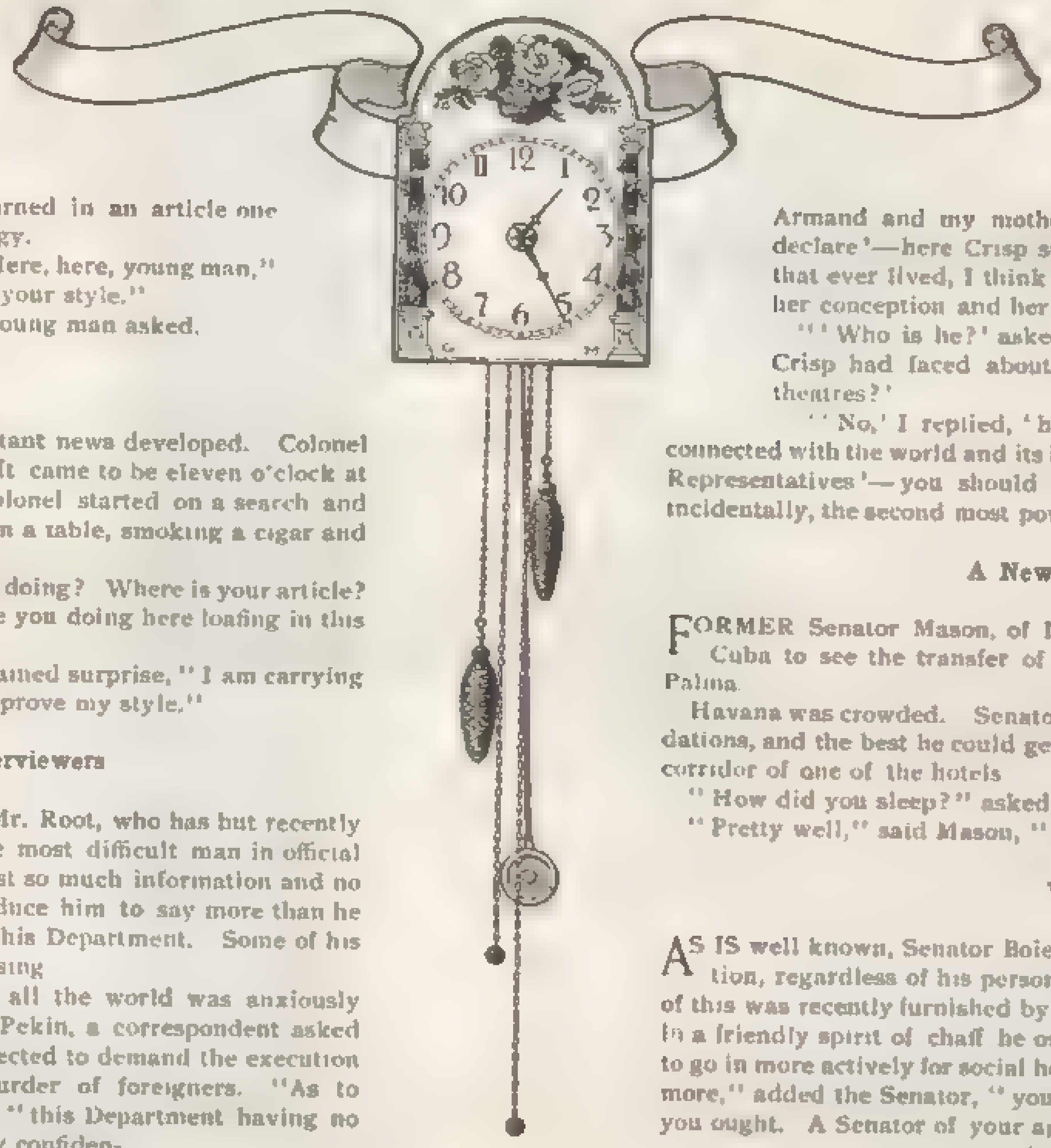
An army well officered is a good army and one ill officered is a bad army. It is just here that we have been weakest at the beginning of every war. We have always entered our first campaigns with companies, and even regiments and brigades, commanded by men who could not give an order without looking it up in the drill-book. We have had to make war our training-school, with blood and defeat its tuition fees. We had to use untrained material in our former wars because the trained material simply did not exist. It exists now and can be developed to any extent we choose. To ignore it and go groping about for raw substitutes would imply the lack of a thinking apparatus in the War Department. And it is true that there has been no such apparatus heretofore. The General Staff has been created to supply this lack, and it seems to have begun its thinking to good purpose.

A Sport of Kings and People

EXTREMES really do meet. The most costly extravagance of the multi-millionaire, the sport most hopelessly beyond the reach of the simply well-to-do or even the moderately rich, has again proved itself the most democratic of all pastimes—the one in which the very poorest can participate with the keenest delight. Yacht racing for the America's Cup is an entertainment whose inordinate expense throws polo, horse racing, and all other amusements of limitless opulence into the shade. It has cost Sir Thomas Lipton half a million dollars to be beaten this year. He mobilized a whole fleet for his unsuccessful raid upon the Cup. The mere interest on a single mug-hunting expedition would keep a family in luxury. And yet this sport of plutocrats has become in the strictest sense the sport of the masses. The thrill of it has penetrated to every corner of the English-speaking world. It is not necessary for its enjoyment to have the price of a ticket on an excursion boat, or even a copper to buy a newspaper. The bulletin-boards carry the breath of the salt spray to scores of thousands who never saw the ocean. The experts of the barber shop and the street car platform discuss spinnakers and baby jib topsails with as keen a zest as if they were watching the race from the quarter-deck of the Corsair

So we have at least one luxury in which the rich can indulge with a clear conscience. For people of delicate sensibilities the enjoyment of costly pleasures is often poisoned by the thought that they have no right to spend in selfish indulgence the money that might bring happiness to so many others. But the pleasure of the America's Cup contests is not selfish. It belongs no more to the owners of the yachts than to everybody else.

MEN AND WOMEN



COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON, the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, believes in good English, and not only writes it himself but tries to get his young men to write it also

A bright young fellow who went to report a National Convention with Colonel Watterson turned in an article one night that was loosely written and somewhat slangy.

The Colonel read it with portentous frowns. "Here, here, young man," he said, "this will never do. You must improve your style."

"What can I do to improve it, Colonel?" the young man asked.

"Read, sir, read; read books."

"Yes, Colonel, but what books?"

"Read Thackeray; start with 'Pendennis.'"

That night there was much excitement. Important news developed. Colonel Watterson waited for his young man's report. It came to be eleven o'clock at night, and he had not submitted a line. The Colonel started on a search and found the young man in his room with his feet on a table, smoking a cigar and reading a book.

"Here, sir," shouted the Colonel, "what are you doing? Where is your article? You have written nothing that I can find. What are you doing here loafing in this manner while the paper is waiting for the news?"

"Why, Colonel," the young man replied with pained surprise, "I am carrying out your orders. I am reading 'Pendennis' to improve my style."

Secretary Root and the Interviewers

NEWSPAPER men at the Capital declare that Mr. Root, who has but recently relinquished the War portfolio, was about the most difficult man in official life to interview. The Secretary would impart just so much information and no more. No amount of adroit questioning could induce him to say more than he thought the public should know of the affairs of his Department. Some of his replies to the newspaper fraternity were most amusing

During the "Boxer" troubles in 1900, when all the world was anxiously awaiting news from the besieged legationers at Pekin, a correspondent asked Mr. Root whether Minister Conger had been directed to demand the execution of certain leading Chinese implicated in the murder of foreigners. "As to that, I cannot say," responded the War Secretary, "this Department having no authority to instruct Mr. Conger. But I may say confidentially," he added with a grim smile, "that General Chaffee has been directed to send 'the poison cup' to the Empress Dowager."

At another time a vast amount of speculation was rife as to the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of the so-called "insular cases." The Secretary was waited upon by a large throng of newspaper men, eager to learn his opinion of the decision of the Court. Mr. Root politely intimated to his callers that it was impracticable for him to give an expression of his ideas upon the subject, he having read the opinions of the Court but once. The journalists did not, however, desist from their questioning; but to all their ingenious interrogatories Mr. Root gave the same answer. Finally, one bright young man said:

"Now, Mr. Secretary, you may at least tell us this: Under the decisions of the Supreme Court does the Constitution follow the flag?"

With just the slightest twinkle in his eye the Secretary of War replied: "As near as I can gather from the opinions rendered, the Constitution *does* follow the flag — but does not quite catch up with it!"

O'Grady on the Job

"I SEE O'Grady has a good job," Senator Depew said to a Peekskill friend of his, named Flaherty

"Yes," Flaherty answered, "but he won't lasht long."

"Why not?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, bekase he won't. I said so when he took the job three years ago and I say so sthill."

The Reason Why She was Anxious

DURING the debate on the Statehood Bill, pending in the last Congress, there came to members of both houses from time to time many anxious inquiries from points in the interested Territories asking information as to the prospect of the bill becoming a law. These inquiries came in the form of both letters and telegrams, and the services of many clerks were required to answer them, in view of the exceedingly large number received.

One case was particularly noticeable, as well as amusing The anxious inquirer was a woman living in Oklahoma. She would write or telegraph nearly every day. Apparently the stereotyped reply she received from the delegate from her Territory did not satisfy her, for pretty soon she appeared in person and began to haunt the Capitol. The degree of anxiety that this lady evinced in the question whether Oklahoma would be granted admission as a State finally aroused the curiosity of the delegate

"May I ask, Madam," he inquired, "the degree of interest you have in this measure?"

The lady hesitated. "Must I tell?" she asked

"Not necessarily, of course," replied the delegate, "but it would gratify my curiosity if you did."

"Well," was the answer, "if you'll not let it go any further, I'll tell you. I went to Oklahoma to establish a residence so that I might get a divorce from my husband, who, I may incidentally remark, is certainly a brute. My attorney tells me that Territorial divorces may not stand: but that if the Territory is granted admission the divorce will surely stand. So I should be *so* grateful if you were to hurry this bill through, because I want to marry a friend whom I have known since childhood. I think that Mr. Beveridge, who is opposing this bill, ought to be ashamed of himself!"

Unfortunately for this lady, the bill was talked to death

"Uncle Joe's" Envy

HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND, President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is a fine-looking man, smooth shaven, with iron gray hair.

The first time Mr. MacFarland, in his capacity of commissioner, went before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives to urge some item in the District supply bill, he found "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the chairman of the committee, sitting on the small of his back, smoking a cigar and looking at the ceiling. Mr. Cannon rose, greeted Mr. MacFarland and then resumed his former attitude. The argument was made. Mr. MacFarland paused for reply.

Mr. Cannon puffed on his cigar for a moment. Then he said: "Young man, I've been watching that face of yours. If I had it I'll bet I wouldn't be afraid to play poker with any living man."

The Astounded Briton

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS was for many years a Washington correspondent. His acquaintance with public men was large and varied — the source of a hundred anecdotes. He tells this one of Crisp, the only Speaker who could at all hold his own with Reed, a ready, powerful and bitter debater, but in private life the soul of amenity

"One evening," he says, "I was to be reminded how Crisp's father and mother had been actors. The story shows the gentle simplicity of Crisp

"When Rhea played Camille in Albaugh's Opera House, Crisp's chair was the one in front of mine. He smiled and bowed as my party took its seats; and then, the curtain going up, he gave his whole attention to the play.

"When the curtain descended on the second act he turned and said:

"'It isn't often I come to the theatre; Mrs. Crisp is much of an invalid, and can't get out, and so I commonly put in my evenings with her. But I was strongly curious to see this play of Camille. The last time I saw Camille my father was Armand and my mother was Camille; and while I should hesitate to declare'—here Crisp smiled —'that my mother was the greatest Camille that ever lived, I think she was far and away superior to this lady in both her conception and her rendition of the part.

"'Who is he?' asked an English gentleman who was with me, when Crisp had faced about for the third act. 'Is he connected with the theatres?'

"'No,' I replied, 'he might better be described as one most deeply connected with the world and its history-making. He is the Speaker of the House of Representatives'— you should have witnessed the stare of that Briton —'and, incidentally, the second most powerful individual in a nation of eighty millions.'"

A New Illinois Breakfast Food

FORMER Senator Mason, of Illinois, is short and roly-poly. He went down to Cuba to see the transfer of government from the United States to President Palma.

Havana was crowded. Senator Mason had neglected to cable for hotel accommodations, and the best he could get was a wire cot with a sheet thrown over it in the corridor of one of the hotels

"How did you sleep?" asked a friend next morning.

"Pretty well," said Mason, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."

Willing to Oblige

AS IS well known, Senator Boies Penrose is intensely loyal to the party organization, regardless of his personal predilections or desires. An amusing instance of this was recently furnished by his colleague, Senator Quay. Mr. Quay says that in a friendly spirit of chaff he once intimated to the junior Senator that he ought to go in more actively for social honors at the Capital during the season. "Furthermore," added the Senator, "you ought, my dear Penrose, to get married. Really you ought. A Senator of your age should not remain unwed. For the sake of the organization you should at once select a wife; indeed your chances for reelection would be greatly increased should you marry some clever girl who would help you socially."

Mr. Penrose took the matter very seriously. After a moment or two of deep reflection, he asked quite blandly:

"A thing like that really counts?"

"It certainly does," responded his colleague.

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Penrose; "let the organization select the young woman and I'll marry her!"

They that Help Themselves

SENATOR DUBOIS, of Idaho, during the days when he was practicing law in Boise City, was on a certain occasion sternly reprimanded by the judge of a court in that city because of alleged contempt of court, and, in addition, was fined in the sum of $50.

The next day, according to a custom followed in the Idaho courts, the judge called upon Mr. Dubois to occupy the bench for him during the transaction of some comparatively unimportant business. After the judge's departure from the courtroom Mr. Dubois exhibited an instance of that remarkable presence of mind for which he has ever been noted. The future Senator said to the clerk of the court

"Turning to the record of this court for yesterday, Mr. Clerk, you will observe recorded a fine of $50 against one Frederick T. Dubois. You will kindly make a note to the effect that such fine has been remitted by order of the court."

Inherited Instincts

FOR many years our Presidents have almost invariably given appointments-at-large to the Military and Naval Academies to youths who are relatives of officers of the army or the navy. In referring to this policy of the Executive, a prominent army officer relates the following instance showing that Mr. Cleveland, for one, was not invariably in favor of awarding such appointments to the sons or relatives of men in the services

"It appears," said the officer in question, "that upon one occasion a naval officer went to President Cleveland, laying before him a request for the appointment-at-large of a nephew. 'His father, my late brother; our father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him were all in the service,' the officer added

"The President did not speak for some moments. When he did he said,

"'As a matter of fact, I am rather disposed to grant the appointment, knowing as I do the young man's merits; but what you have just remarked with reference to the long service of the family in the navy fills me with some doubt. I am tempted to ask whether you do not think that it is about time that one of the family went to work for a living'"

FOX TALK

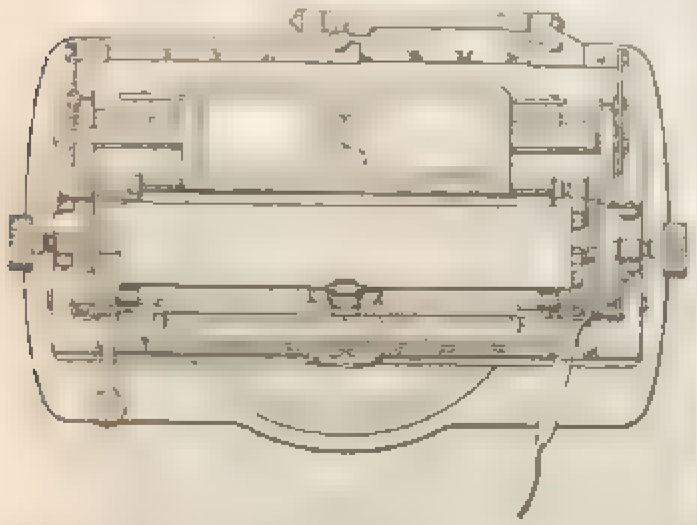
"The good of the old, the best of the new"

Additional Features Which Separate the Fox Typewriter From All Others

[illegible] up our previous similar advertisements [illegible] THE FOX [illegible] features [illegible] These features are[illegible]

MARGIN REGULATORS
and the
LINE LOCK

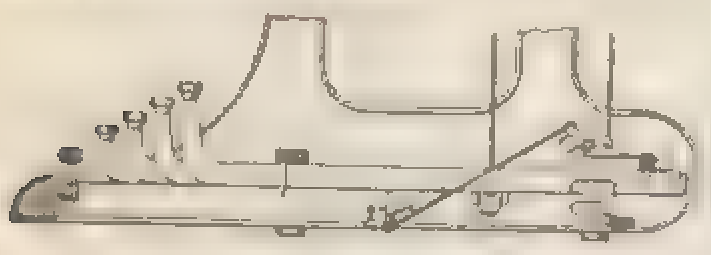
The **MARGIN REGULATORS** on the Fox Typewriter are situated on the rear of the carriage, the scale [illegible] is graduated [illegible] with the [illegible] in order to set the margin at any pre determined line it is necessary to move the



carriage to the point determined upon, say ten, in front; reach behind (without its being necessary to look) and [illegible] margin stop when it will catch at ten. To [illegible] margin at the right hand side, say at fifty five, [illegible] carriage to that point and move the [illegible] right hand margin stop until it is engaged, which will be at fifty-five. Nothing could be more simple or easy. No attention whatever is necessary to the rear scale, everything being regulated from the front

Just compare this method with that of any other machine; its superiority is apparent at once.

LINE LOCK. When the carriage reaches the end of any pre determined line [illegible] the Fox Typewriter [illegible] **Positive** [illegible] that it is **Impossible** [illegible] print another [illegible] until the margin release is [illegible] to begin a new line.



The Fox Typewriter has the only **Positive** line lock [illegible] is to day, all other attempts to lock the levers [illegible] succeed in doing [illegible]

THIS METHOD IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF

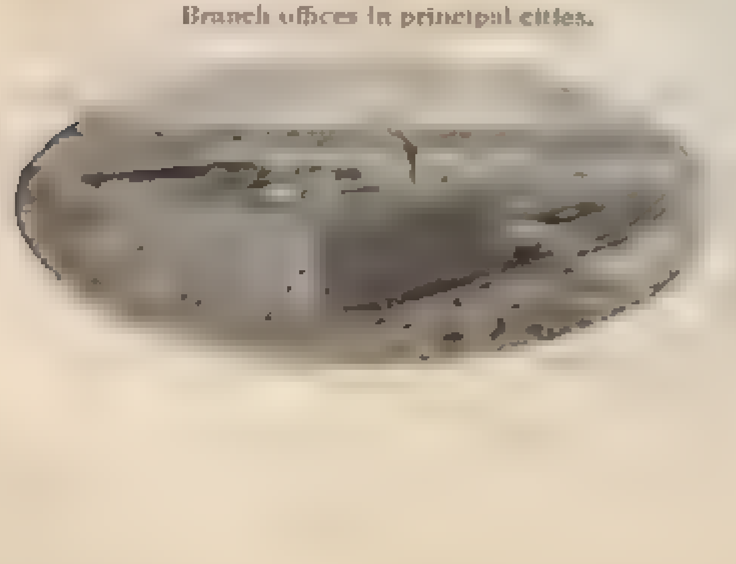
Just examine the method employed by other typewriters to accomplish this purpose. They are crude and incomplete compared with the Fox.

These two features, while wonderful improvements and great contrasts over other methods, are not [illegible] greater than several others, which are [illegible] explained in our catalogue; sent free.

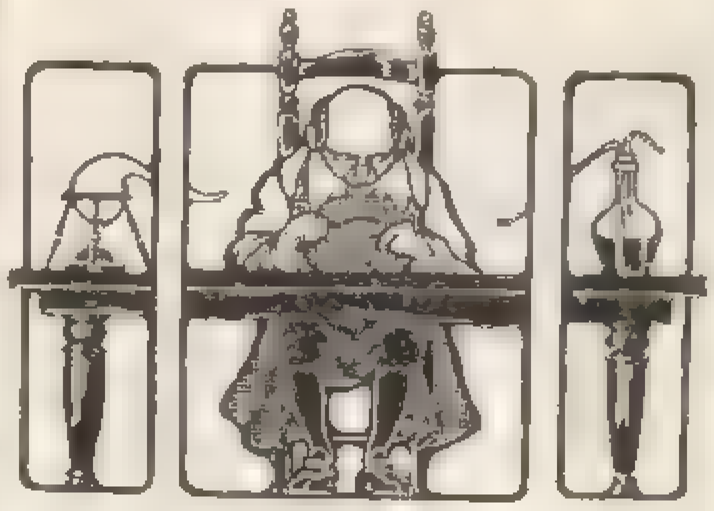
There are a large number of firms using from ten to forty Fox Typewriters just as a result of an investigation of our claims. Do you want their names?

Our free trial plan will enable anyone, anywhere, to use the Fox ten days, without incurring any obligation.

Fox TYPEWRITER CO., Limited
468-488 Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Branch offices in principal cities.



Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science



THE HABITS OF THE CANNED SALMON—His extinction is threatened unless the greed of fishermen shall be curbed.

THE United States Fish Commission is at present engaged in trying to find out something definite about the habits of the salmon when it is in its true home, the sea One thinks of this fish as belonging to the rivers because it is caught in streams that run into the ocean, but, of course, the up-river journey of the salmon is only an episode of its career Like the shad, it is what is called an "anadromous" species—that is to say, one that runs up a river for the purpose of spawning

The life history of both shad and salmon while in the ocean was formerly a mystery, but now it is known with reasonable certainty that they spend the bulk of their lives in the deep water not far from the mouths of the streams in which they were originally hatched. When the time comes for them to breed they run up the rivers and lay their eggs, thus giving an opportunity to the fisherman of which he is not slow to avail himself Were it not for the efforts of the Fish Commission, which has put billions of young fishes, artificially hatched, into the rivers, the shad would to-day be well-nigh exterminated The salmon of the Pacific Coast are threatened with a similar fate and the Government is trying, by like means, to preserve them

The salmon of the Atlantic Coast go up the rivers to spawn, and when they have done their duty for the preservation of their species return to the sea; but those of the Pacific Coast spawn and die, never going back to the ocean—save only one kind, the "little redfish," so called, which appears to be an exception to this rule. The baby salmon that have been hatched in the rivers make their way to the ocean and, it is believed, swim about in schools in deep water off the coast—perhaps beyond a depth of one hundred fathoms. Nobody knows how far out to sea they go. They have been taken occasionally with hook and line at considerable depths offshore.

When the time for breeding arrives the mature salmon, the females heavy with roe, approach the shore and swim in schools along it. At this time they will take bait readily, and they have frequently been caught with the trolling "spoon," under such circumstances, not far from land. Gradually they assemble near the mouth of the river that was their birthplace, and then begins a general movement into and up the stream, the fishes moving sometimes in a phalanx so compact that there seems to be almost a solid mass of them. Such a spectacle may still be witnessed annually in a few of the Alaskan rivers which as yet have not been depleted by the operations of the canneries

By means of nets and suitable fish-traps every salmon that enters a stream may be captured with certainty, none being allowed to make its way to the spawning-grounds in the headwaters. Thus in a few years the most productive river, which might have yielded a large and sure income for all time to come, may be rendered barren and fishless It is a method of destruction that has been quite generally pursued.

CLASSIFYING OUR IMMIGRANTS—The Government is engaged in scientifically sorting candidates for citizenship.

THE people of the United States are getting to be, more than ever before, a mixture of many races, and it is likely that before long an anthropological study of the inhabitants of the country will be begun under a special appropriation by Congress. Already, within the last few months, the first step in this direction has been taken by classifying

ROYAL TAILORING

1800 union tailors ready to serve you promptly.

We operate our own clean, sanitary, sunlit work-rooms.

Guarantee your entire satisfaction.

Suits and overcoats to your measure, $15.00 and up; trousers, $4.50 and up.

Self-measurement blank, booklet and beautiful samples of the newer and snappier Fall stuffs sent free on request.

Write today or call on nearest merchant who takes orders for Royal Tailoring.

Men's and boys' garments—ladies' skirts [illegible] of every description—all made [illegible]

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Geo Frost Co. Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Pears'

the soap which began its sale in the 18th century, sold all through the 19th and is selling in the 20th.

Sells all over the world

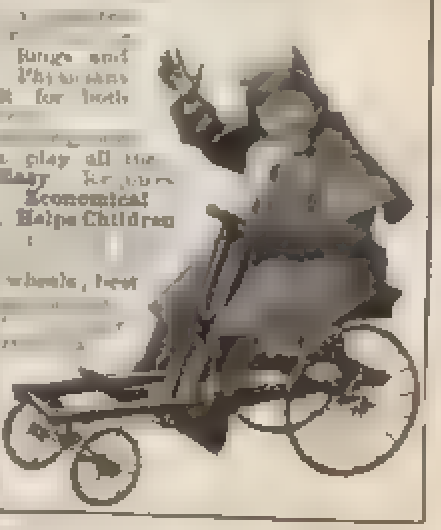
Shirts to order $1.50

SEND us your name. We'll mail you samples of the latest and most exclusive Shirtings [illegible] Send [illegible] and we'll make your shirts to order in any fashionable or plain style, with your initials on right sleeve, cuffs attached or separate, for

$1.50 each

These shirts are far superior to ready-to-wear shirts in appearance and fit, and there is an individuality about them that removes them from the common kind.
Write for samples to-day

HOLMES 302 Dearborn Street Chi[illegible]



Starbuck's Juvenile Hand-Car
For Boys and Girls of from 3 to 14 Years

[illegible] lungs and [illegible] shoulders. Physicians everywhere endorse it [illegible] Safe [illegible] Healthful [illegible] play all the muscles of the body Easy [illegible] little exertion to run it Economical [illegible] Helps Children [illegible] wheels, best [illegible] price list free Write to-day

STARBUCK MFG CO., 166 [illegible]

Girls—who paint

[illegible] dress, and get a [illegible] with particulars and [illegible] well known Illustrators [illegible] Ink Artists.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WATER COLOR
58 World Building, New York City

MAIL ORDERS ONLY

Suits and Jackets

Made to Order in One Week

$8 to $40.

Catalogue and Samples Free

Do you wish a new suit skirt or jacket made to your measure in the latest New York style?

[illegible] 126 styles [illegible] 400 fabrics [illegible] means the perfect fitting garments [illegible] in one week. OUR CATALOGUE ILLUSTRATES

Tailored Suits,	$8.00 to $40.00
Visiting Dresses,	$12.00 to $35 00
Handsome Skirts,	$4.00 to $20 00
Stylish Jackets,	$8.00 to $35.00

We make a specialty of Brides' Travelling Dresses, $10 to $35

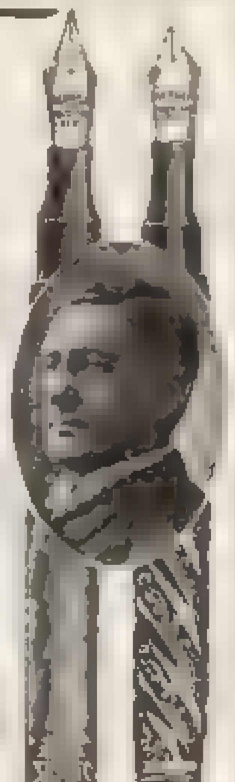
We pay express charges to any part of the U S

We guarantee to fit and please you. If we [illegible] *return the garment promptly and we will refund your money.*

[illegible] will be answered by [illegible] in matters of dress, [illegible] will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send us an order, they will look [illegible] FALL CATALOGUE No 51 [illegible] exactly what you want.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Established 15 years.

PARKER
"LUCKY CURVE"
Fountain Pen



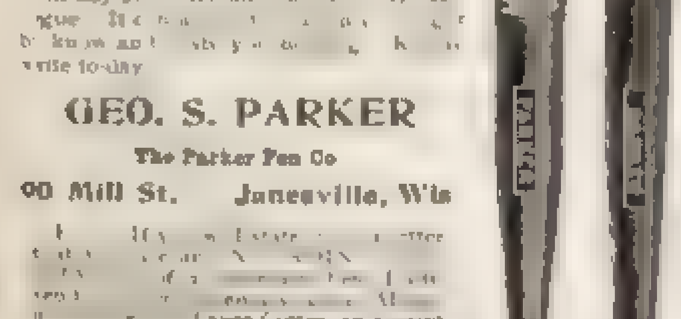
Really is there any good reason why you should not be using [illegible] help find "your" pen. If you cannot find them in your city, please order direct.

My pens, quality considered, are not expensive. They are capable of [illegible] without the "Lucky Curve" [illegible] ent pen for the money.

In any event let me send you my catalogue [illegible] write to-day.

GEO. S. PARKER
The Parker Pen Co
90 Mill St. Janesville, Wis

[illegible] Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp for postage — to others, [illegible]



A COLONIAL ESTATE IN OLD VIRGINIA

Fishing, Hunting, Ducks, Turkeys, Deer, Pheasants, Snipe, Woodcock, Quail [illegible] tobacco barns, [illegible] making money. Write us to-day.

REAL ESTATE TRUST COMPANY, Richmond, Va.

in a new way and on a scientific basis the immigrants who are coming to our shores.

Under the new classification adopted by the Immigration Bureau, the peoples of the world are arranged as follows

Teutonic — The races of Northwestern Europe: English, German, Dutch, Flemish Scandinavian and Finnish.

Keltic — The races of Western Europe Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French and North Italian

Iberic — The races of Southern Europe South Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek and Syrian

Slavic — The races of Eastern Europe Bulgarian, Servian, Montenegrin, Croatian, Slovenian Dalmatian, Bosnian Herzegovinian Lithuanian Magyar Polish Roumanian, Russian, Ruthenian and Slovak

Mongolic — The brown and yellow races generally, including Japanese, Chinese, East Indians and Filipinos

Formerly the Mongolic races were divided into Mongol and Malay, but these yellow and brown peoples seem to have many affinities, and some anthropologists nowadays are even disposed to classify the American Indians as Mongolic. It will be noticed that the Hebrews are not included in the above classification, the reason being that, like the Gypsies, they are scattered all over the world and have no special geographical location. The people of Northern Italy are a different race from the people of Southern Italy, and so occupy a different place in the schedule

There used to be a good deal of trouble in connection with the classification of immigrants, many of whom objected strongly to the arbitrary and erroneous racial designations bestowed upon them at our ports of entry. An African, for example, was supposed, as a matter of course, to be a negro, though, as a matter of fact, the people who come hither from the Dark Continent in these days, though of a great variety of complexions, are rarely negroes

From Hungary come people of ever so many races for whom the old schedule did not answer at all satisfactorily. Most persons outside of the Immigration Bureau are still puzzled when they read about Slovaks, Slovenians, Ruthenians and Herzegovinians, but it is quite simple when one has looked into the subject a bit

The Slovaks are Slavs of Bohemia and Moravia — the remnant of a great migration into Europe from the steppes of Central Asia They still preserve their own language and customs and the Germans have tried in vain to absorb them. The Slovenians are people of Carinthia and Styria. The Lithuanians appear to be the most direct descendants of the primitive Aryans, who were the ancestors of the modern Europeans. They are tall and fair, with blue eyes, and their language preserves a great many of the primitive Aryan words. The Ruthenians dwell in the Austrian part of Galicia. They have chestnut hair and brown eyes, and are a most interesting race — richer, perhaps, in folklore than any other people in the world

FIRE-PROOF LUMBER — A good start toward the reduction of insurance rates and the elimination of the fire department.

A NEW process of making lumber fire-proof promises big things in the building trades. Planks, scantlings and all kinds of wooden construction material are placed in compartments, from which the air is then exhausted. To the wood a solution consisting of 160 parts of sulphate of ammonia, 20 parts of borax, 20 parts of alcohol and 800 parts of water is applied under pressure. If it is unnecessary to save time, pressure may be dispensed with, as the solution is sufficiently volatile and penetrating to permeate the wood without mechanical aid

After the treatment the chemical mixture is drawn off and the wood dried, when it is ready for use. The alcohol serves to dissolve resinous matter in the wood and also intensifies the penetrating power of the solution When the chemical preparation is drawn off the resin and similar inflammable substances, in solution, are carried with it, while the remaining percentage of alcohol is evaporated in the drying process to which the wood is subjected

A volatile alcohol is used, such as wood-spirits or methyl alcohol, or the ordinary article of commerce, ethyl alcohol. Any monatomic alcohol, in fact, that is volatile and which acts readily as a solvent for resin may be employed.

While the proportion of alcohol stated in the formula is suitable for ordinary wood, the quantity is variable, depending upon the amount of resin in the lumber to be treated

SELZ ROYAL BLUE RUBBERS

are different; the difference is in your favor.

They are better than usual rubbers; they cost you the price of the usual, plus the trouble of asking for them.

Just say: "I want Selz Royal Blue Rubbers;" if you don't get them, try another dealer; or if it's raining take the kind he has. Next time — you'll need another pair soon — get Royal Blues. They last.

Rubber footwear of all sorts; for men women and children. Like all Selz shoes they wear; and make your feet glad.

SELZ
CHICAGO.

Largest makers of good shoes in the world.

Everywhere

autumn scatters her ruby tints of harvest-time, and like her

RUBIFOAM

spreads its harvest of beauty and soundness everywhere.

It is a dentifrice, a mouth wash and a preserver of the gums combined. It keeps the whole mouth well. Increasing in popularity and sale.

Sold Everywhere for 25 Cents.

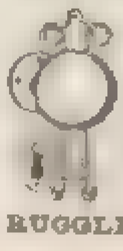
Sample Sent Free.

E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

BECOME A NURSE

No occupation open to women can compare with that of the trained nurse. It is elevating, enjoyable work — graduates earning $15 to $30 a week. We teach this profession by mail. For attractive booklet, giving full details, with valuable suggestions, address

CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
205 Main St., Jamestown-on-Chautauqua, N. Y.



Keep Out Burglars

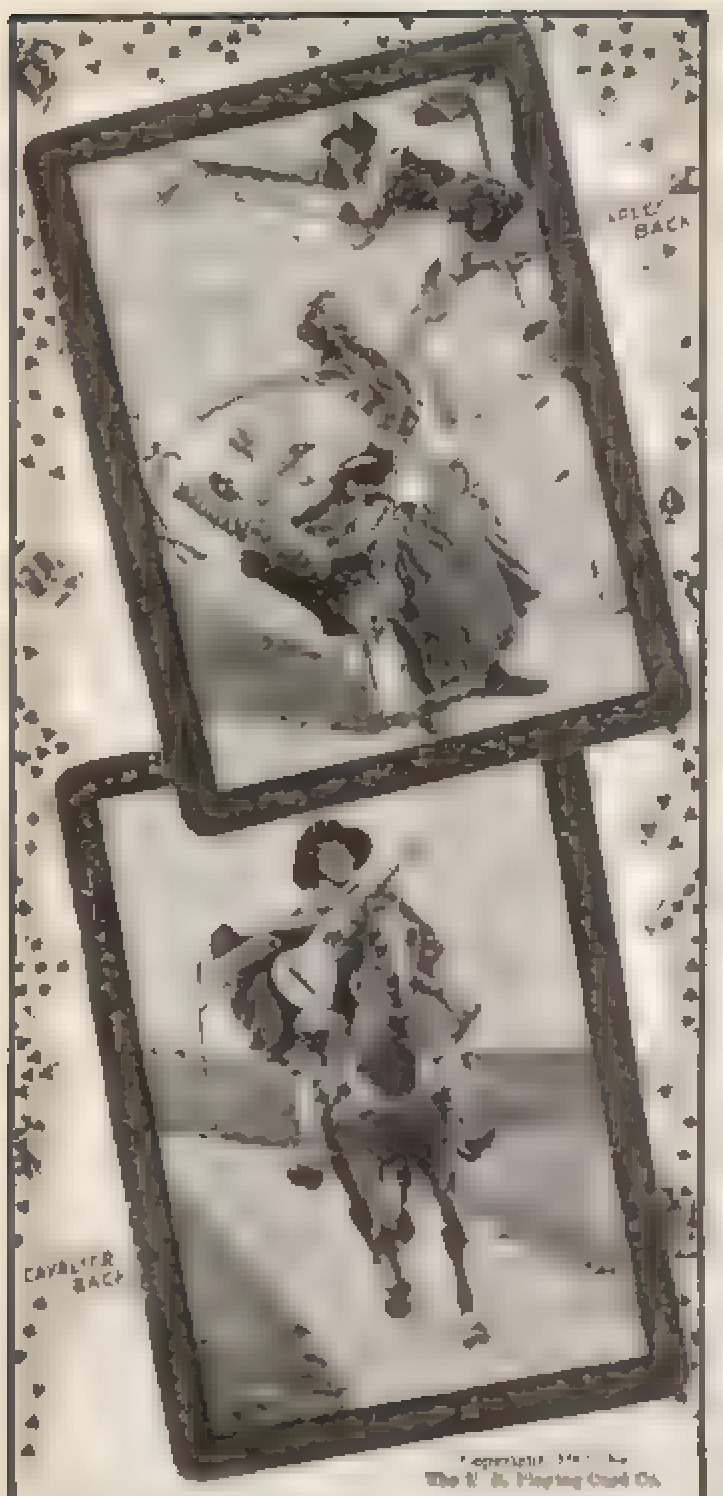
with the RUGGLES KEY BOLT, the latest, safest attachment in the world. Endorsed by thousands. Price 10c. SPECIAL 30 DAY OFFER. To secure agents we will mail complete outfit for only 5c. Write to-day.

RUGGLES KEY BOLT CO., 224 Ave. A, Bayonne, N. J

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra [illegible] Mascagni, etc. Lowest prices [illegible] 400 illustrations, *mailed* [illegible] structions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago


CAVALIER BACK
Copyright 1903 by The U. S. Playing Card Co.

Congress Playing Cards

Thin, beautiful, snappy. Make the card party doubly enjoyable.

Dealers will show many new designs this season. See colored inserts in next month's magazines.

Cut this out and send with 2c. stamp for 64-page book illustrating Congress backs and describing novel card parties. Or, 10 cents in stamps for 128-page Condensed Hoyle Dept 10. The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati

Duplicate Whist

Leading society game. Promotes close observation, accurate recording and correct inference, which the President of Harvard College calls the three chief aims of education.

Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays are the best. Neat, durable and compact. Sold by dealers.

8-Tray Set, $4.00. 12-Tray Set, $5.00, 16-Tray Set, $6.00

FREE—A $20 course of Whist lessons with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from a dealer. Send for particulars. [illegible] Whist teaches Whist in an evening, sent for 2c. stamp.
The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Dept. 38 Cincinnati, U. S. A.

As it Happened in the Valley

(Continued from Page 10

He folded up the paper, and several quick, imperative orders issued from his lips to the lieutenant and his men.

Just when day was breaking a detail of soldiers drew up before the vine-covered porch where Ellice had held convention with her conscience for so many hours, and Bradley, in delirium, was lifted from the stretcher to a bed within the little house, where a long conflict was entered upon in which the foe advanced again and again, only to be beaten back as stubbornly and as determinedly as in any fight that had taken place in the Valley.

Day after day this skirmish with death kept up, and day after day the skirmish with death in the outlying country around the town kept up; then finally the armies, which had been crouching like enraged lions, receded up the Valley, threatening and growling as they went. As the last echoes of their guns reverberated along the creek and died on the air, Bradley's fever fell.

During all his ravings and mutterings his lips had had but one refrain: "Ellice! Ellice!" And when the mutterings and ravings gave place to the light of reason his lips became mute, but his eyes took up the refrain and said, as plainly as his lips had done "Ellice! Ellice!

And Ellice wondered if he had forgotten what lay between them. She trembled lest some awakening memory should come to him and when, [illegible] bird note came floating up over the fields, she turned her startled eyes to his and found them fixed upon her, while in their depths a sombre fire burned which parched her very soul.

She knew that he had not forgotten, and that with this bird call ringing in his ears he was piecing together the happenings of that dead and gone September night. She put out her hand toward him with an imploring gesture, but there was no answering movement, no relaxing of the grim lines about his mouth. Her hand dropped to her side and she stole quietly away. After that, the ministrations of the sick room were left to her mother.

Then suddenly mutterings began to be heard again in the Valley. Riders bearing dispatches began to ride through the town without drawing rein, and one of them shouted out as he clattered along: "Sheridan is moving down the Valley toward Winchester. He's at Cedar Creek now, with Early close at his heels."

This was in mid-October. The news was prohibited in the sick-room, but alas! it could not be kept long, for the heavy rumble of artillery told the tale. With the first sharp volley, early on the morning of the nineteenth, when the fording of the creek was begun by the Confederate forces, Bradley sprang up from his bed and listened intently. The roar of the guns in the distance told his eager ear that a battle was on.

"Bring my sword and belt," he commanded imperatively. Then the futility of any such effort seemed to come over him and he sank back with a groan. In a moment or two a sudden thought overwhelmed him. He said wildly:

"Where is Ellice? I want Ellice! I want Ellice!"

Ellice went to his bedside. It was the first time in days that she had been there. A look of unutterable relief passed over his face. He said faintly:

"I feared that you—might be——"

"Might what, Bradley?" she asked, knowing instinctively what was in his mind.

"Might be sending—help to—the—other side."

"Oh, Bradley!" she said tremulously.

He looked at her with sunken, saddened eyes, and after a moment feebly put out his hand. And she laid hers within it. The tears started to her eyes, but she resolutely held them back. The heavy artillery fire seemed to be coming nearer. After a moment he said:

"Where is it?"

"At Cedar Creek," she replied.

"Who are engaged?" he asked eagerly.

"General Wright and General Crook are on the north bank of the creek with Sheridan's army."

"And on our side—who?" he asked wistfully.

"General Early and General Gordon."

"Where is Sheridan?"

"They say General Sheridan is away, somewhere."

YOU CANNOT BE A GOOD BUSINESS MAN WITHOUT ADVERTISING KNOWLEDGE

Every salesman, merchant or [illegible] up to date advertising methods is most [illegible] he already established, or just entering the [illegible] ways of overcoming the difficulty.

THE FIRST AND BEST WAY

[illegible] the general public for his business support is to take our [illegible] result of the life long experiences of a number of the [illegible], and built upon the fundamental laws that govern the world controlling science of advertising.

THE SECOND WAY, AND VERY GOOD IT IS

will be to select from his assistants the right man and give him the benefit of the thorough training we can give him, doubling his value to himself and the firm he works for.

Our efforts are not devoted to preparing clever phrase twisters, but all round, thoroughly equipped men, who can intelligently handle any advertising problem, because they have been carefully trained in the basic principles that govern all right advertising.

Chicago College of Advertising, Chicago. Tullahoma, Tenn., July 23, 1903.

Dear Sirs: We feel that we should say something in praise of your College of Advertising.

Since R. R. Rutledge, the son of one of our firm, completed your course of advertising, **we have been getting better and quicker results from our advertising, and the money we spent for his instruction has been worth more to us than any money we have ever spent for advertising.**

Thanking you for the benefits we have received and with our best wishes we beg to remain,
Very truly yours, J. H. RUTLEDGE & CO.

The Chicago College of Advertising, Chicago, Ill. Tullahoma, Tenn., July 22, 1903

Dear Sirs: In the midst of a successful advertising campaign, I take pleasure in writing my thanks and appreciation for the numerous benefits derived from [illegible]

[illegible] the study, and present the [illegible] one with a lot of theory [illegible] **What you learn can be applied immediately to your ad writing; nothing has been left out. Everything needed by a beginner is brought out in the course. Advertising is more than mere ad writing. A good ad at the wrong time and place is money wasted.** [illegible]

In every branch of my work there is rarely a problem arises that the instruction received does not solve, and how you could teach one ignorant of the first principles of advertising so much of real value in the short time of three months is a marvel to me. Again thanking you for the many benefits derived from your course and with best wishes I am Very truly yours, R. R. RUTLEDGE.

Salaries of the highest grade are waiting for the right men. [illegible] leading advertising men have [illegible] a most practical course [illegible] Everything is ready for you. [illegible] Free Test Blank and Literature

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
962 Williams Building
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St.
CHICAGO

FAY-SHOLES Typewriters used in WINNING CHAMPIONSHIPS by

HARRY V. EMANUEL
[illegible] Message receiving Champion of America.

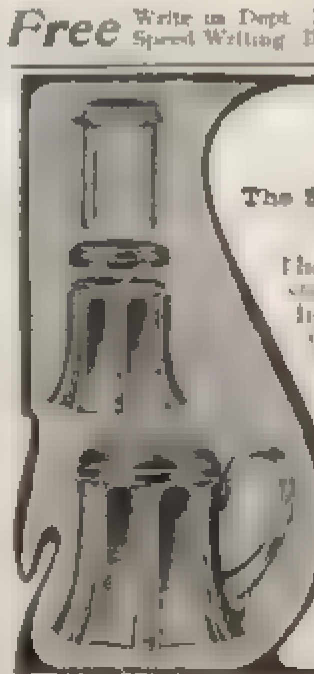
CHARLES H. McGURRIN
[illegible] United States Commissioner Typewriter Speed Champion of the World.

F. M. McCLINTIC
[illegible]

DEALERS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Free Write to Dept. D. for McGurrin's Booklet on Speed Writing, Billing, Card Index Writing, etc.

FAY-SHOLES COMPANY, Chicago



It's a Revelation

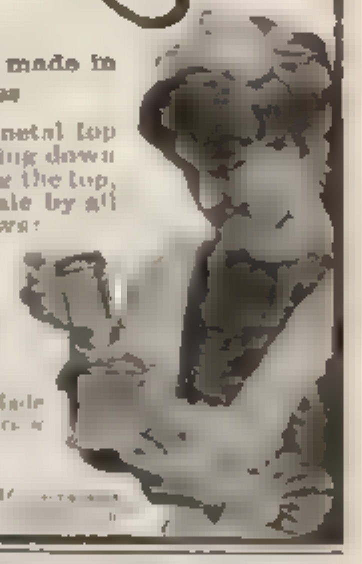
The Success of the Season in Salts, Peppers and Sugar Sifters made in the Famous Sparkling Separating Diamond Crystal Glass

The perforated tops are all glass, and do not corrode like metal top [illegible]. The perforated glass top has two glass prongs extending down into the bowl and revolves around a corrugated cone by turning the top, making a perfect grinder for [illegible] salt or sugar. For sale by all first class dealers, or sent direct, all charges prepaid, as follows:

Salt 25c Pepper 25c Sugar Sifter 50c

Sparkling Separating Glass is made in a variety of over one hundred choice pieces. It's easy and quick to clean and fill, giving it the highest sanitary qualities. It's the world's standard of excellence, the delight of the housewife and the pride of the [illegible]

Look for the ring—ask the dealer if it separates, and take no other. Made in over one hundred choice pieces. [illegible]



Perfection Glass Company, Dept. J, Washington, Pa.

Brown's Famous Pictures

[illegible] 2,000 subjects in Black and White or Sepia. Size 5½ x 8

One Cent Each
120 for $1.00

[illegible] 2 cents each.

32-page illustrated catalogue and [illegible] pictures [illegible]

GEO P. BROWN & CO
Beverly, Mass.

CHAIRS FOR INVALIDS TRICYCLES FOR CRIPPLES

Invalids enjoy the supreme [illegible] running, noiseless. Our catalogue [illegible]

Improved Models

in tricycles and chairs especially designed [illegible] comfort and benefit of cripples [illegible] afflicted. Sent free on request. [illegible]

"Does Early know this?" he asked

"Yes, he has forced the attack on that account

Ah

There was a long breath of satisfaction at this. She sat there with her hand in his all that morning long, while the hours dragged slowly on. Some one came to the door once and whispered something

"Any news?" he asked with quick hope in his eyes

"A bearer of dispatches riding through the town says——" She paused, unable for a moment to impart the message

"Says that Gordon has pushed his advance so fiercely that the Nineteenth Corps and Crook's entire force are in complete rout The Sixth Corps is trying to hold Gordon in check and the slaughter—is horrible. They say Sheridan has heard of the fight and is on his way—that he is riding for his life—

"But he cannot make it in time!" cried the sick man in exultant confidence

Again the hours dragged on and the steady boom of artillery was the only sound to be heard all that warm October morning. Just before noon there seemed to be an unwonted stir in the town

"What is it, Ellice?" Bradley asked, rising up on his elbow. "Don't keep anything from me now, Ellice. What is it?"

"Sheridan has come. He has just ridden through Winchester

Bradley fell back on his pillow in silence It was a silence more eloquent than any words could have been, and the afternoon set in Not once during all those hours did he relinquish Ellice's hand, and not once did she wish that he would. Each knew in a dull anguish of spirit how the other hoped this battle would end, and yet across the bitter span each clung to the other.

As night drew on Bradley became restless

"How has the day gone?" he asked in suspense

She hesitated. She dreaded the effect on him. She must temporize.

"The last dispatch bearer, as he went through, said that it has been one of the most terrible battles of the war and that the fighting on both sides was——"

"But the day, Ellice—how did it go? Did Early win?"

"No, Bradley, Early lost the day," she said gently

He made a half-suppressed sound and clenched his hand on the coverlid. After a pause he said

"Tell me about it. I can bear it."

"A little before noon to-day General Sheridan rode through Winchester like a whirlwind, and it seems he found a good part of his army somewhere near Middletown in complete rout. He rallied them, and at one o'clock they made a stand and repulsed Early At four o'clock he forced an attack on Early and after a stubborn fight succeeded in breaking the entire Confederate line. They fell back in confusion and were driven entirely off the field, abandoning their guns and equipment as they went."

For a few minutes everything was still in the room; then Bradley asked in a voice of emotion

"Where are they now?"

"Intrenching at Fisher's Hill, and the fight is over. It has been the most terrible fight that the Valley has seen." And Ellice put up her hand to cover her tears

"It will be the last fight the Valley will see," he returned, trying to steady his voice

Then suddenly he turned his face away, while his whole frame shook with the feeling that possessed him. The October twilight closed around them and everything was enveloped in shadow, and Ellice sat and waited. After a few minutes of silence she put out her hand and groped about for his. She spoke with suggestive tenderness

"Peace will surely come, now, to the Valley, Bradley?"

He feebly held her hand for a time and it was evident that some inward struggle was going on; then he said huskily

"Aye, peace will come to the Valley—some time

He lay a long time in thought; then, drawing her fingers up to his lips, said, as though resuming some just interrupted conversation:

"What did you tell me the marriage words are among Friends?"

And gravely, without hesitation, she completed the formula which he had spoken a month before in the moonlight:

"'In the presence of the Lord and before this assembly I, Ellice Wayne, take Bradley Hampton to be my husband, promising with Divine assistance, to be unto him a loving and faithful wife, until death shall separate us.'"

All Kalamazoo ranges are equipped with patent thermometer Makes baking sure and easy

The KALAMAZOO

A better stove or range than you can get from any other source. A saving of from 25 per cent to 40 per cent, in price. Prompt shipment from factory to user. Factory prices—no dealers' profits. Freight prepaid by us. 360 days' approval test Guarantee backed by $20,000 bank bond.

KALAMAZOO

Stoves and Ranges

are manufactured by us in our own factory. We know they are right 'clear through. Don't confuse them with cheap mail order goods

We are the only

stove manufacturers in the world selling their entire product direct from their own factory to the user

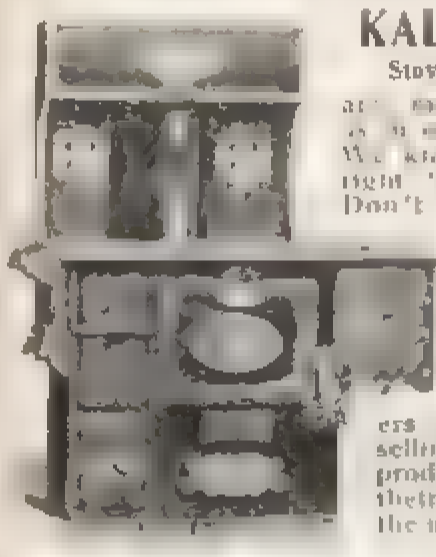
There isn't a better stove or range at any price

and by eliminating all dealers' and middlemen's profits we save you from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent Moreover we give you a 360 Days' Approval Test If your purchase is not satisfactory in every way return the goods at our expense. We have a complete line of ranges cook stoves and heaters for fuel of all kinds. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for business.

It will pay you to investigate

Send for catalog No. 152 and prices, freight prepaid

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan



Electricity

[illegible] We can teach anyone at home by mail:

BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

Or to learn TELEPHONY, TELEGRAPHY, ELECTRIC RAILWAY, ELECTRIC LIGHTING, SHORT ELECTRICAL COURSE, also MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, STEAM ENGINEERING [illegible] MATHEMATICS

Let us tell you of the small outlay needed to acquire an electrical or mechanical [illegible] and the successful [illegible] with the thousands of [illegible] ents who have enrolled [illegible]

Write for our Illustrated book entitled "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Sent free.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction
Dept. 35, 240-242 West 23d Street
New York

THOMAS A. EDISON says:

"I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute as conducted by Messrs. Wetzler & [illegible] of great value [illegible] an Electrical Engineer [illegible]

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

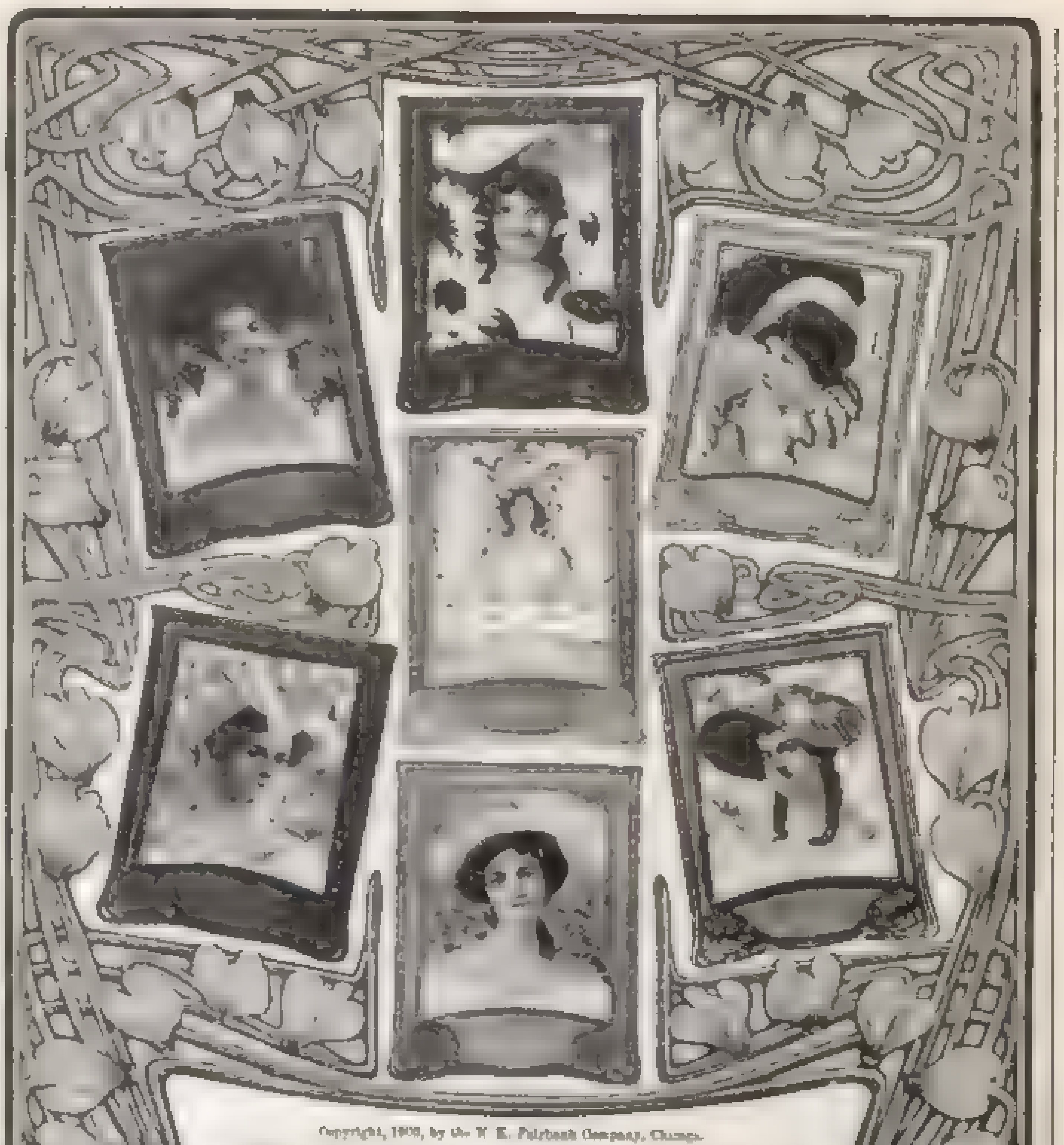
To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns [illegible] on both sides and in all [illegible] sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free

Sanitary Mfg.Co.(Inc.) Dept 5, 200 E Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz., hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order serving one squab There is good money breeding them, a flock makes country life pay handsomely Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH a woman can do the work No mixing feed, no young stock to attend [illegible] Send for our FREE [illegible] this rich industry Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston Mass



Copyright, 1903, by the N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago.

1904 Fairy Calendar — How to Get It

Fairbank's Fairy Calendar has already taken its place at the head of the annual artistic creations, and we honestly believe that this [illegible] far surpasses all our previous productions It [illegible] 7 sheets, size 10 x 12½, free from all advertising the first sheet bearing the year's calendar and the other six composed of beautiful female heads (which are shown above) around each being a frame [illegible] all the vogue The drawings by C. Ward Traver, an artist of national reputation, are reproduced lithographically in twelve colors, and on [illegible] Calendars of far less beauty and artistic merit retail readily for $1 or $1 [illegible] will send you this beautiful Fairy Calendar, which is

now ready for delivery

on receipt of ten Oval Box Fronts from Fairy S[illegible] stamps. Fairy Soap, the Oval cake [illegible] est piece of white soap in the world it sells for 5c [illegible] and packed [illegible] separate carton [illegible]

THE N K FAIRBANK COMPANY, Department 111 Chicago

Karo
CORN SYRUP

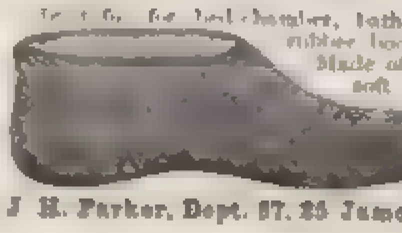
Better Than Honey For Less Money

Karo Corn Syrup is a food and table delicacy combined Contains all the nutritive, strengthening properties of corn in a pre-digested form, ready to use by the blood. A fine food for feeble folks. Children love it and thrive upon its pure, wholesome goodness. A remarkable energy and strength producer. Good for every home use from griddle cakes to candy. Its reasonable cost appeals to prudent housewives.

The Great Spread for Daily Bread

Sold in airtight, friction top tins, which are excellent for various household purposes when empty. 10c., 25c. and 50c. sizes. At all grocers.

Corn Products Co., New York and Chicago



PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS (TRADE MARK)

Best for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in [illegible] dealers [illegible] cents pair Parker pays postage. Catalogue free

J H. Parker, Dept. 87, 25 James Street, Malden, Mass.

The Advertising World

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

A practical journal of ideas, suggestions and plans for advertising 8th year, 24 to 32 pp monthly

Send Today for FREE sample copy, or 10c for 4 months on trial.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery *Fruit Book Free.*

SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Result of 78 years experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y., Etc

For All Starching

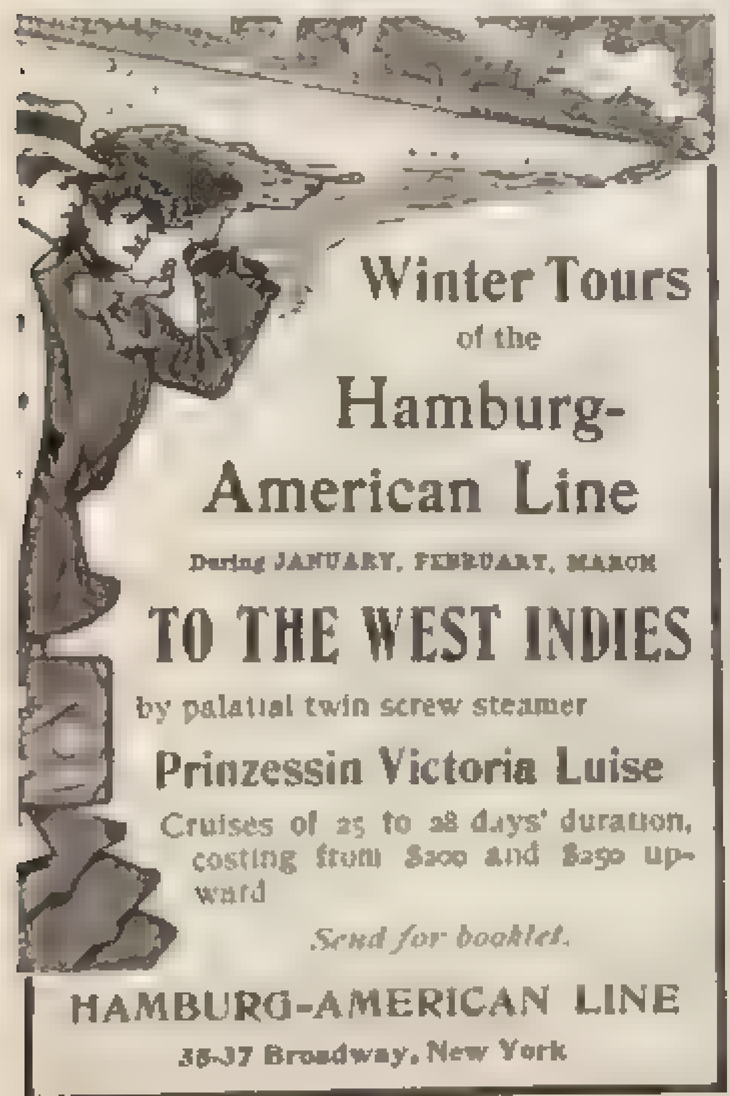
from dainty laces to the heaviest pieces—for the best results—for the greatest economy, use

Kingsford's OSWEGO Silver Gloss STARCH

Its superiority shows in the results—purest whiteness, satiny finish, a stiffness that is flexible and elastic—not harsh and crackly. These are some of the points by which you know goods starched with this starch. It saves because a smaller quantity is needed.

ALL GROCERS HAVE IT

THE OSWEGO STARCH FACTORY
OSWEGO N Y


Winter Tours of the Hamburg-American Line

During JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH

TO THE WEST INDIES

by palatial twin screw steamer

Prinzessin Victoria Luise

Cruises of 25 to 28 days' duration, costing from $200 and $250 upward

Send for booklet.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
35-37 Broadway, New York

HAMILTON INSTITUTE

45 West 81st St., N. Y. Preparation for College and University. Boarding Department. Boys Received.
N. ARCHIBALD SHAW, JR., M.A., Principal

Plays for Amateurs and Professionals

The largest stock in the world. Any title in print. Catalogues free for the asking.
The Penn Publishing Company, 921 Arch St., Philadelphia

THE BOSS

(Continued from Page [illegible])

for his enterprise. He made no more objection, and those forty per cent in favor of Big Kennedy were looked upon as a thing adjusted.

"You spoke of four hundred thousand dollars as precedent to the franchise," said young Morton. "Where will that go?"

"There's as many as thirty hungry ones who are each in our way, an' must be met an' squared."

"How much will go to your fellows?"

"Most of th' crowd I can beat into line. But there's twelve who won't take orders. They were elected as 'Fusion' candidates, an' they think that entitles 'em to play a lone hand. Whenever Tammany gets th' town to itself, you can gamble I'll knock their blocks off quick. We'll make it this way: I'll take thirty per cent. instead of forty of th' common, an' two hundred thousand in coin. That'll be quite enough to give us th' bunch as solid as a brick switch shanty."

"That should do," observed young Morton.

When young Morton was about to go, Big Kennedy detained him with a final query.

"This ain't meant to stick pins into you," said Big Kennedy, "but, on th' dead! I'd like to learn how you moral an' social high rollers reconcile yourselves to things. How do you agree with yourself to buy them votes needed to get th' franchise? Not th' ones I'll bring in an' which you can pretend you don't know about; but them you'll have to deal with personally, d'ye see!"

"There'll be none I'll deal with personally," returned young Morton, getting behind his lisp and eyeglass, finding them perhaps a refuge in what was plainly an embarrassed moment; "no; I couldn't do anything with the creatures in person. But I've retained Caucus & Club; they're lawyers, only they don't practice law: they practice politics. They'll attend to those details of which you speak."

"That's a crawl-out," observed Big Kennedy reproachfully, "an' it ain't worthy of you. Why don't you come to th' centre? You're goin' to give up four hundred thousand dollars to get this franchise. You don't think it's funny—you don't do it because you like it, an' are swept down in a gust of generosity. An' you do think it's dead wrong."

"Now you're in error," replied young Morton earnestly, but still clinging to his lisps and his languors. "As you urge, one has scant pleasure in paying this money. On the contrary, I shall find the disbursement extremely dull. But I don't call it wrong. I'm entitled, under the law, and the town's practice—a highly idiotic one, this latter, I concede!—of giving these franchises away, to come forward with my proposition. Since I offer to build a perfect road, and to run it in a perfect manner, I ought, as a matter of right—always bearing in mind the town's witless practice aforesaid—to be granted this franchise. But those officers of the city who, acting for the city, should make the grant, refuse to do their duty by either the city or myself unless I pay to each of them, say, ten thousand dollars. What am I to do? I didn't select those officers; the public picked them out. Must I suffer loss and go defeated of my rights because the public was so careless or so ignorant as to pitch upon those improper or, if you will, dishonest officials? I say, No. The fault is not mine; surely the loss should not be mine. I come off badly enough when I submit to the extortion. No, it is no more a bribery, so far as I am involved, than it is bribery when I surrender my watch to that footpad who has a pistol at my ear. In each instance the public should have saved me and has failed. The public, thus derelict, must not denounce me when, under conditions which its own neglect has created, I take the one path left open to insure myself."

Young Morton wiped the drops from his brow, and I could tell how he was deeply in earnest in what he thus put forward. Big Kennedy clapped him lustily on the back.

"Put it there!" he cried heartily, extending his hand. "I couldn't have said it better myself, an' I ain't been doin' nothin' but buy aldermen since I cut my wisdom teeth."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUR PREMIUMS ARE OUR SALESMEN
TRADE MARK

How You Can Furnish Your Home FREE BY THE WALKER PLAN

No trouble—no work—simply buy some of the every day necessities you now buy of your grocer, direct from us; then let us *give you* the middlemen's profit and expense in the form of a valuable premium. That is the Walker Plan. We give you two dollars in value for every dollar you pay us—a dollar's worth in goods and a dollar's worth in premium. For instance the desk shown herewith, retail value $10, we *give* you with $10 worth of goods. We are large manufacturers and importers. Our goods include Soaps, Laundry and Toilet Supplies, Teas, Coffees and Flavoring Extracts. Our business has been established 66 years and our goods have a reputation second to none.

Write for Our Book L

It gives you full details of the Walker Plan, shows over two hundred different premiums and describes our goods. It is sent **Free**.

Write for it to-day

W. & H. WALKER, Pittsburg, Pa.
Founded, 1837

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

A Triumph in Sugar Making

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"**CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR**" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is **NEVER** sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household;—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold **by all first-class Grocers**, and is manufactured only by **HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.**

Is an All-Hair Mattress a Luxury?

The luxury of a pure hair mattress used to be envied by every housekeeper. Once secured gives comfort, rest and cleanliness. The price of a hair mattress a few years ago made it impossible for many housekeepers to possess one [illegible] on the market a lot of worth [illegible]

We have a new and improved method, patented machinery and agents all over the globe selecting the best hair obtainable. We manufacture it into the best mattress and sell direct to the consumer. *This enables us to sell you a pure all-* [illegible]

[illegible] full information.

Keystone Mattress Mfg. Co., Bourse Bldg., Phila.

KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM

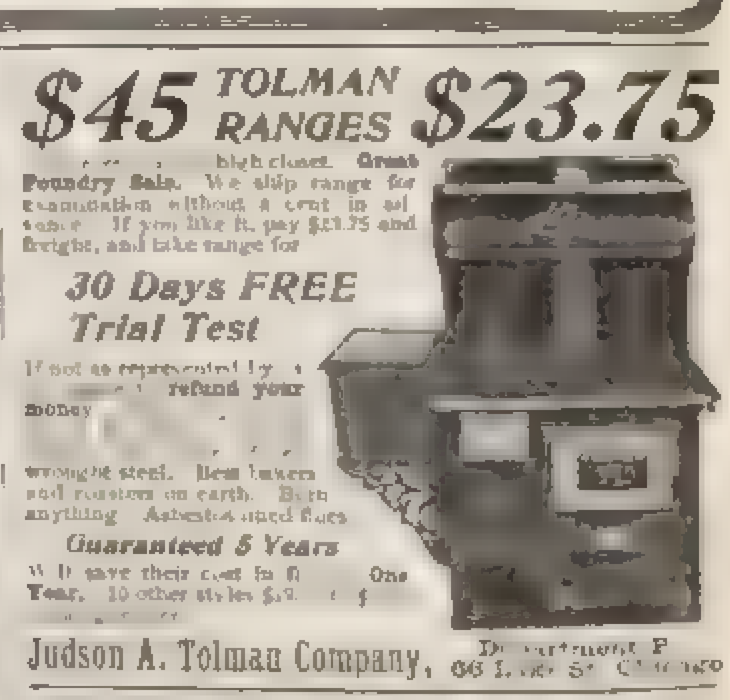
this winter and save coal by fitting your doors and windows with

Ford's Air-Tight Weather Strip

A perfect protection from cold, draught and dust. It is inexpensive, made entirely of wood, and absolutely the best [illegible] on the market. Send for illustrated booklet (Free).

We want agents in each locality and offer very liberal terms to good men. Write to us.

Charles J. Ford, 221 Senter Bldg., Holyoke, Mass.


$45 TOLMAN RANGES $23.75

[illegible] high closet. **Great Foundry Sale.** We ship range for examination without a cent in advance. If you like it, pay $23.75 and freight, and take range for

30 Days FREE Trial Test

If not as represented [illegible] **refund your money** [illegible]

wrought steel. Best bakers and roasters on earth. Burn anything. Asbestos lined flues.

Guaranteed 5 Years

Will save their cost in fuel in One Year. 10 other styles $[illegible]

Judson A. Tolman Company, Department F, 66 [illegible] St., Chicago

LEARN ADVERTISING

[illegible] advertising at less cost. If you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c. stamps for prospectus telling "Who Should Study Advertising," and booklets, "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 100 William Street, N. Y.

The boys of America say of The American Boy, "*It's good all the way through.*"

And they have proved their appreciation by increasing the circulation to *110 000 in three years*

Boys say it's "all good," because it's "all boy."

Boys who regularly read The American Boy, as all boys do who have the chance, are naturally and unconsciously prepared for a more successful encounter with the world, a better citizenship, a truer manhood

It is written and edited by men who know what boys are talking about and thinking about — whose aim it is to know what they will want to read next

It gives boys intelligent love for nature and outdoor life

It arouses interest in good reading. Makes true history as interesting as fiction

It guides and develops the taste of the boy with talent for machinery, or cabinet making, or invention

It interests boys in all manly sports, games and exercises

It is the organ of the Order of the American Boy — a great organization for cultivating manliness in morals, mind and muscle

It is the organ of the American Boy Lyceum, another organization that prepares boys to take effective part in public affairs.

THE AMERICAN BOY

The charm of The American Boy is its infinite variety. The following titles of the principal contents in a single recent number will give an idea of this variety:

"Captured," (fiction); "Professor Bell and his New Airship"; "The Young Campers"; "A Voyage on the Snow," (fiction); "The Juvenile Band of Chester, Pa."; "The Beginnings of an Astronomer"; "The Great American Boy Army," (the Department of the Order of the American Boy); "The Washington High School Cadets"; "The Summer Life of the Roosevelt Children"; "The Boy Photographer"; "Tip's Heroism," (fiction); "A Novel Home for Animals"; "A Four Leaved Clover," (fiction); "Fine Deeds by Brave Boys," (The Boy Emperor Gratian); "Joe Jolly Boy," (fiction); "President Roosevelt's New Den"; "How Boston Harbor Became a Teapot"; "Old Two-Nose," (fiction); "Life on a Man-of-War"; "The Boyhood of Great Men"; "My Chum," (fiction); "The Results of a Clever Lad's Efforts," (How a Boy Built a Wagon); "Davy Hudson's Adventure," (fiction); "Across Niagara with Blondin"; "For a Boy's Circus"; "Three Good Cronies," (fiction); "How Billy was Started," (fiction); "The Resignation of Silas Hutchins," (fiction); "The Printer's Apprentice, and What He Became"; "Japan's New War Vessel"; "Stamps, Coins and Curios"; "Boys in the School"; "American Boy Lyceum"; "Boys in the Home"; "Boy Money Makers, and Money Savers"; "The Great Hayville—Alfalfa Game," (fiction); "The Ways to Pitch Real Curves"; Puzzles, Anecdotes, and Verses.

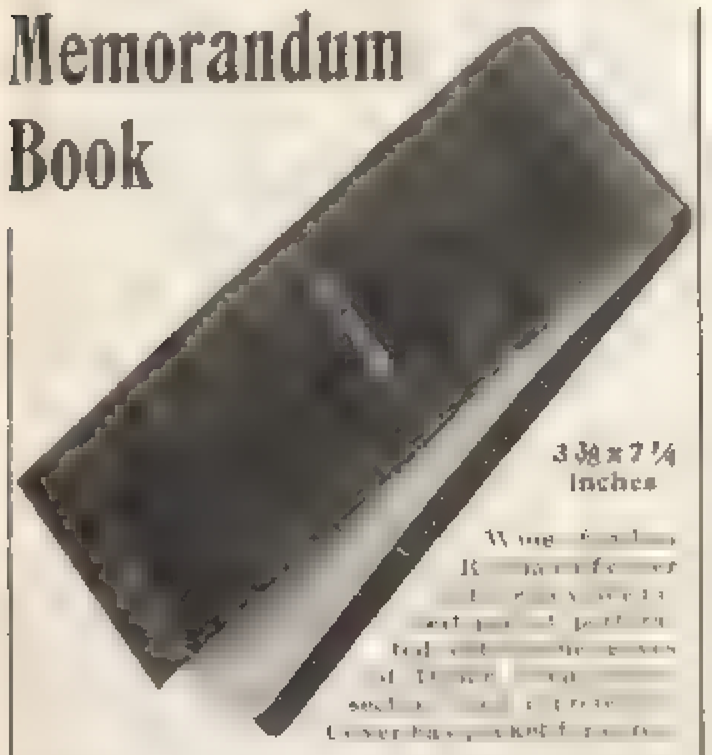
Every issue is liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings. A Year's subscription pays for 400 **pages of reading that is just what boys need.**

For One Dollar

we will send the American Boy for the entire year of 1904 and furnish the October, November and December issues in 1903 FREE. Everyone subscribing now will receive a free copy of the greatest boy picture ever painted by Adam Emory Albright, the famous artist of American boy life. This, his latest work, is entitled "*On the Village Green,*" showing two boys in the attitude of batter and catcher at baseball. It is sure to be a striking and favorite ornament for a boy's room. Size of picture 11 x 15 inches.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., No. 318 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Kennedy Perpetual Memorandum Book



3 3/8 x 7 1/4 inches

[illegible]

Carried in the Pocket

By managers, superintendents, traveling salesmen, estimators, architects, engineers, draughtsmen, contractors newspaper reporters, and other alert and busy people

To Jot Down

Notes, addresses, sales, expenses, measurements, specifications, needs, sketches, etc

Complete with name lettered in gold on cover

$1.00 by mail, postpaid

KENNEDY BROTHERS, 219 Genesee Street
Utica, N. Y.

(One paving company has purchased 500 in 6 months)

In happy homes, [illegible]
One hears the Washburn's merry sound

THEY PLAY WASHBURN

MANDOLINS GUITARS AND BANJOS.

Unequalled for Tone, Durability and Workmanship

We will [illegible] free a beautiful Art Souvenir [illegible] Mandolin" and "How to Play the Mandolin" if you will send us your address on a postal card.

LYON & HEALY
25 Adams Street CHICAGO
World's largest music house; sells everything known in music.

Atar Myosotis

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms, etc. If you do not find it at your merchant's, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

Old Gorgon Graham

(Continued from Page 2)

the mourners' bench looked around to see how the Deacon was taking it, and the youngsters back on the gigglers' bench tittered, and everybody was happy but the Deacon. He began laying for the Doc right there. And without meaning to, it seems that I helped his little game along

Doc Hoover used to write me every now and then, allowing that hams were scarcer in Missouri and more plentiful in my packing house than they had any right to be, if the balance of trade was to be maintained. Said he had the demand and I had the supply, and he wanted to know what I was going to do about it. I always shipped back a tierce by fast freight, because I was afraid that if I tried to argue the point he'd come himself and take a carload. He made a specialty of seeing that every one in town had enough food and enough religion, and he wasn't to be trifled with when he discovered a shortage of either. A mighty good salesman was lost when Doc got religion.

Well, one day something more than ten years ago he wrote in, threatening to make the usual raid on my smokehouse, and when I answered, advising him that the goods were shipped, I inclosed a little check and told him to spend it on a trip to the Holy Land which I'd seen advertised. He backed and filled over going at first, but finally the church took it out of his hands and arranged for a young fellow not long out of the Theological Seminary to fill the pulpit, and Doc put a couple of extra shirts in a grip and started off. I heard the rest of the story from Si Perkins next fall, when he brought on a couple of carloads of steers to Chicago, and tried to stick me half a cent more than the market for them on the strength of our having come from the same town.

It seems that the young man who took Doc's place was one of these fellows with pink tea instead of red blood in his veins. Hadn't any opinions except your opinions until he met some one else. Preached pretty fluffy little things, and used eau de cologne on his language. Never hit any nearer home than the unspeakable Turk, and then he was scared to death till he found out that the dark skinned fellow under the gallery was an Armenian. (The Armenian left the church anyway, because the unspeakable Turk hadn't been soaked hard enough to suit him.) Didn't preach much from the Bible, but talked on the cussedness of Robert Elsmere and the low downness of Trilby. Was always wanting everybody to lead the higher life, without ever really letting on what it was, or at least so any one could lay hold of it by the tail. (I always duck when one of these fellows makes a pass about the higher life to me.) In the end, I reckon he'd have worked around to Hoyle's games—just to call attention to their wickedness, of course

The Pillars of the church, who'd been used to getting their religion raw from Doc Hoover, didn't take to the bottle kindly, and they all fell away except Deacon Wiggleford. He and the youngsters seemed to cotton to the new man, and just before Doc Hoover was due to get back they called a special meeting, and retired the old man with the title of pastor emeritus. They voted him two donation parties a year as long as he lived, and elected the Higher Lifer as the permanent pastor of the church. Deacon Wiggleford suggested the pastor emeritus extra. He didn't quite know what it meant, but he'd heard it in Chicago, and it sounded pretty good, and as if it ought to be a heap of satisfaction to a fellow who was being fired. Besides, it didn't cost anything, and the Deacon was one of those Christians who think that you ought to be able to save a man's immortal soul for two bits.

The Pillars were mighty hot next day when they heard what had happened, and were for calling another special meeting; but two or three of them got together and decided that it was best to lay low and avoid a row until the Doc got back.

He struck town the next week with a jugful of water from the River Jordan in one hand and a gripful of paper-weights made of wood from the Mount of Olives in the other. He was chockful of the joy of having been away and of the happiness of getting back, till they told him about the Deacon's goings on, and then he went sort of gray and old, and sat for a minute all humped up.

The BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE

[illegible] with the superb BOOKLOVERS' EDITION [illegible] and explanatory matter in each of the forty volumes [illegible]

200 of the World's Greatest Shakespearian Authorities

[illegible] and passage [illegible] ted by scholars [illegible] THE BOOKLOVERS' EDITION is in

40 CONVENIENT VOLUMES

(A Play to a Volume)

[illegible] handling and they are bound [illegible] cloth or half [illegible] Among the [illegible], valuable [illegible] features of this [illegible] admirable [illegible]

Critical Comments on the plays and characters selected from the writings of [illegible] Shakespearian scholars, making the plots clear and interesting

Complete Glossaries immediately following each play, giving the meaning of every obsolete or difficult word.

Study Methods, [illegible] Study Questions and [illegible] — [illegible] a complete course in Shakespearian study

Arguments written in an interesting story-telling style, giving the [illegible] and the development of the story of each play

Notes—Two full sets of them in connection with each play—one for the average reader and another for the critical student

Life of the Poet by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of Shakespeare's character and genius by Walter Bagehot [illegible]

Topical Index—Equal to a Shakespeare Concordance

THE COUPON CUTS THE PRICE IN TWO

Last Spring we distributed **an entire edition** which was quickly claimed by discriminating [illegible], and many were too late to participate. To satisfy these and to accommodate [illegible] we have been able to [illegible] smaller edition, which will also be distributed through our LIBRARY CLUB

The limited number available will not last long and application for one of these sets should therefore be made at once, using the coupon at the right

[illegible] special bargain prices are **$27.00 for a set in half-leather binding and $21.00 for cloth binding—payable at the rate of $2.00 a month.** These are *about half* the regular prices of this edition, and the cost to you of the forty volumes amounts [illegible] little more than fifty [illegible]

SENT FREE ON APPROVAL

Cut out the coupon, sign it and mail it to us to-day, and we will send you a set, **express prepaid**, for examination. You do not pay a cent until you examine the books and are satisfied with them. If not satisfactory you may return them, of course, *also at our expense*

Special Premium Offer [illegible] Shakespearian Pictures [illegible] who send in the "approval" [illegible] receive **absolutely free** with the volumes [illegible] these beautiful pictures, matted and framed in oak (ready [illegible] hanging) of six scenes from Shakespeare executed in colors. This picture is equal in value to pictures regularly sold at $1.75 each

THE SIEGEL COOPER CO.
6th Avenue, 18th and 19th Streets
NEW YORK CITY

CUT OFF THIS CORNER

THE SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY New York

Please send me on approval [illegible] a set of The Booklovers' Shakespeare [illegible] satisfactory [illegible] **$1 within 8 days** of receipt of books **and $2 per month** thereafter for 13 months. If not satisfac[illegible] [illegible] order is [illegible] receive the pi[illegible] the set

Name

Street

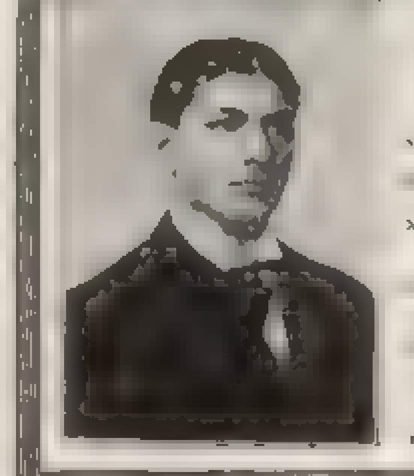
City

[illegible] In ordering cloth [illegible] to [illegible]

WE TEACH THE BEST SYSTEM BY MAIL

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

GIVE YOUR SPARE TIME TO HOME STUDY



Stenography as it Should be Taught, and as No Other Man Ever Taught It

[illegible] with this [illegible] president of the [illegible] The beginner is given the [illegible] very start and be thereof [illegible] expert shorthand [illegible] READ [illegible] are not timid for fear of incompetency. Their proficiency [illegible] Employers do not find it necessary to [illegible] will double the speed of [illegible] and qualify them for expert [illegible] reporting. Our book "Progress in Shorthand" [illegible] free. It tells everything.

PAGE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

"The School that Graduates Expert Stenographers," Suite 18—90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

ARE YOU GOING to the World's Fair?

If you are, prepare yourself in advance by a study of the illustrated descriptive handbook by Dr. Charles M. Kurtz, of the Department of Art. It will save you time, money and strength, and will direct you how to see everything and see all intelligently.

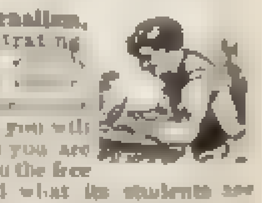
Endorsed by Exposition Authorities

At all booksellers, or sent postpaid for 38 cts.

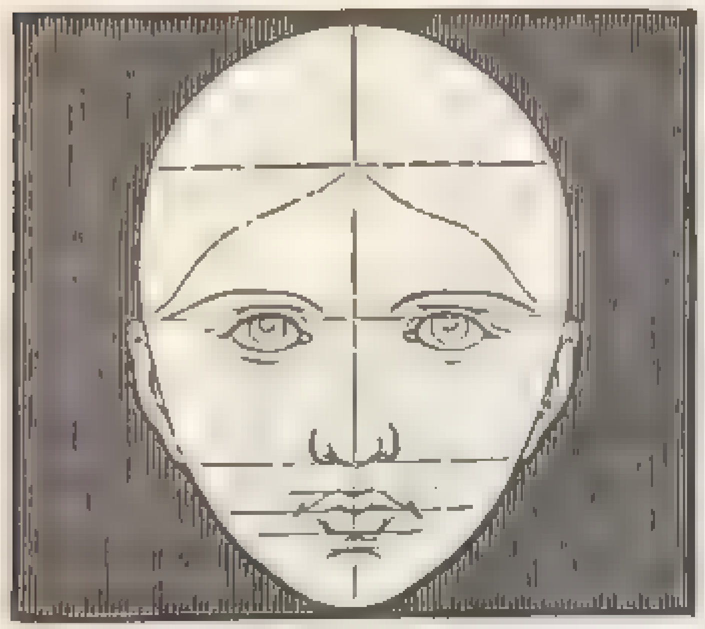
GOTTSCHALK PRINTING CO. St. Louis, Mo.

FOR THE PUBLIC EYE

We successfully teach **Journalism**, Story Writing and Illustrating [illegible] privacy of the home. If you will name the course in which you are interested, we will mail you the free booklet fully describing that course, and what its students are achieving. Our free booklet, "Rules of Manuscript Sales and Syndicate Terms," tells how we sell **MSS. on commission** to [illegible] leading publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by our syndicate plan; how we criticise, revise and prepare **MSS.**



THORNTON WEST, EDITOR IN CHIEF. FOUNDED 1895
NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS



"How to Illustrate"

Is a self-instructing book [illegible] *Evening World, Evening* [illegible] *originator of correspondence art instruction.*

BRIEF SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—Remarks on "Talent [illegible] and explanation of correct methods of teaching [illegible]

Working with pen, brush (oil and water [illegible] grease and conte cra[illegible] paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treatment, zig zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines double, cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs.

What materials to use, including papers, canvases and bristol boards.

[illegible] and how to handle them.

[illegible] nature, including landscape, [illegible]

[illegible] memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc.

COLOR.—Primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. H[illegible] different shades, [illegible]

AR[illegible] ANATOMY.—The bones and muscles as applied [illegible]

[illegible]TTERING.—Copying and [illegible] English and script styles shown. [illegible] and geom[illegible]

[illegible] flowers, ornamen[illegible] pictorial composition (including form and color arrangement and balance), fashion work, caricaturing, cartooning.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, [illegible]

[illegible] and linear perspective.

[illegible] how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, [illegible] of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or ex[illegible]

Appendix, with expla[illegible] reproductive pr[illegible]

"How to Illustrate" sent prepaid to any address in the world for $1.00. This book sells regularly for $1.50 and will only be sold at $1.00 to those who will send money promptly.

The above offer applies to the limp cover edition.

A more handsomely bound edition in stiff covers, fit for any library, will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of $1.50, regular price $2.

$500 IN PRIZES for the best copies of the first picture in the Self-Instructing Book, "How to Illustrate" (open to everybody who takes advantage of the above offer promptly).

A committee of well known artist contributors to leading publications will decide the winner, thus guaranteeing absolute fairness.

We cannot enter into any correspondence relating to this Prize Contest, but will give full particulars to all who send money in accordance with above special offer.

No others entitled to compete.

This offer applies to both the $1.00 and $1.50 edition.

No professional artists eligible to this contest.

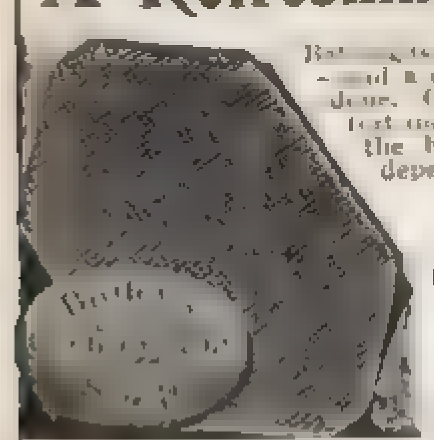
Address to-day, as this offer may be withdrawn at any time, or send for free descriptive catalogue.

HARVARD TEXT BOOK CORPORATION

Harvard Building, Cor. 6th Ave. and 42d St., New York City

Remit by express, postoffice money order or registered letter. Make all money orders payable to Harvard Text Book Corporation. We cannot accept checks or postage stamps.

A Refreshing Bath



[illegible] A necessity [illegible] a delight if [illegible] done. Good health, com[illegible] [illegible] the bath, and the bath depends upon

Bailey's Complexion Brush

Especially do women and children appreciate the texture and pliability of the soft rubber brush for **massage** of the **flat-ended** [illegible] from wastes, drinking in refreshmen[illegible]

The regular Bailey's Bath Brush suits those who desire a more vigorous bath. Never becomes foul.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush . . . 50 cts.
Bailey's Rubber Petite Complexion Brush, 25 cts.
Bailey's Rubber Bath Brush $1.50
Bailey's Complexion Soap . . . . 10 cts.

At Dealers or sent on receipt of price. Agents wanted.

Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods FREE

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—A [illegible] man of ability to take orders for our **New and Enlarged** Edition of **Webster's International Dictionary** in every city and county. Good income for steady workers.—Address with references.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

Si Perkins, who was one of the unregenerate, but a mighty good friend of the Doc's, was standing by, and he blurted right out: "You say the word, Doc, and we'll make the young people's society ride this rooster out of town on a rail."

That seemed to wake the Elder up a bit, for he shook his head and said, "No nonsense now, you Si;" and then he began to think. All of a sudden you could see him bristle and swell up; and when he stood it was to his full six feet four, and it was all man. You could see that he was boss of himself again, and when a man like old Doc Hoover is boss of himself he comes pretty near being boss of every one around him. He sent word to the Higher Lifer by one of the Pillars that he reckoned he was counting on him to preach his farewell sermon the next Sunday, and the young man, who'd been keeping in the background till whatever was going to drop dropped, came around to welcome him in person. But while the Doc had been doing a heap of praying for grace, he didn't propose to take any chances, and he didn't see him. And he wouldn't talk to any one else, just smiled in an aggravating way, though everybody except Deacon Wiggleford and the few youngsters who'd made the trouble called to remonstrate with him against his paying any attention to their foolishness.

The whole town turned out the next Sunday to see the Doc step down. You couldn't have squeezed a bottle of anti-fat into the church when meeting time came. Doc and the Higher Lifer sat side by side on the platform, and behind them the six deacons were lined up. When it came time to begin the services the Higher Lifer started to get up, but the Doc was already on his feet, and he whispered to him:

"Set down, young man;" and the young man sat. The Doc had a way of talking that didn't need a gun to back it up.

The old man conducted the services right through, just as he always did, except that when he'd remembered in his prayer every one in America and had worked around through Europe to Asia Minor, he lingered a trifle longer over the Turks than usual, and the list of things which he seemed to think they needed brought the Armenian back into the fold right then and there.

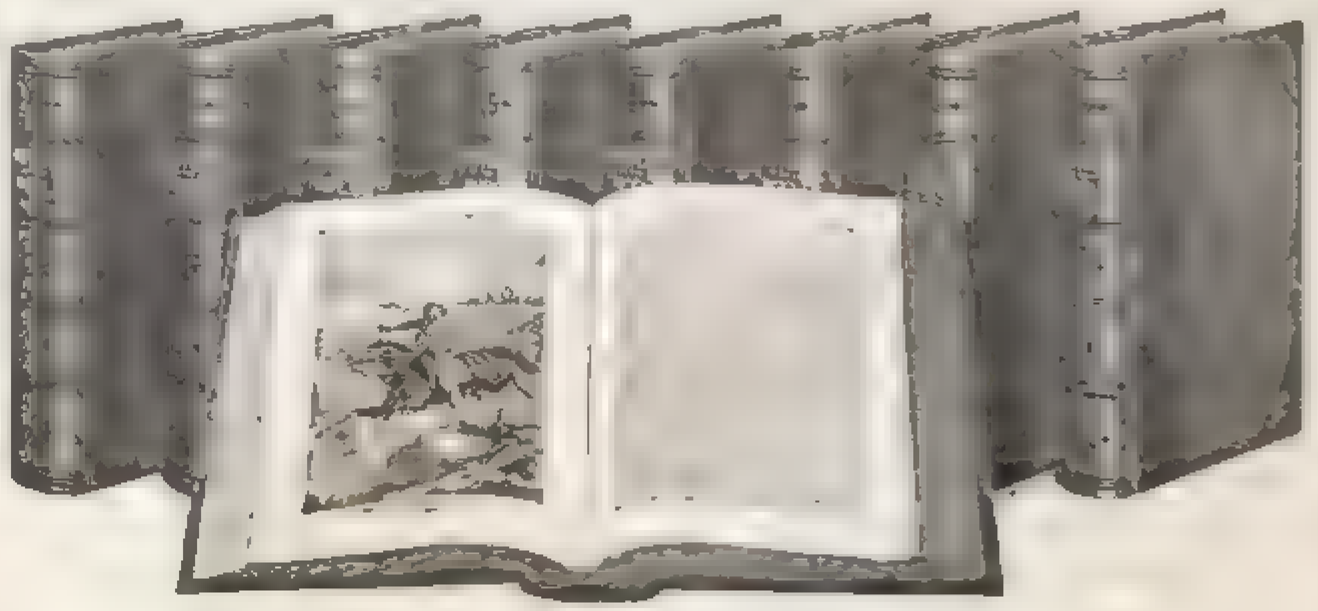
By the time the Doc got around to preaching Deacon Wiggleford was looking like a fellow who'd bought a gold brick, and the Higher Lifer was looking like the brick. Everybody else felt and looked as if they were attending the Doc's funeral, and, as usual, the only really calm and composed member of the party was the corpse.

"You will find the words of my text," Doc began, "in the revised version of the works of William Shakespeare, in the book—I mean play—of Romeo and Juliet, Act Two, Scene Two: 'Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say good-night till it be morrow,' and while the audience was pulling itself together he laid out that text in four heads, each with six subheads. Began on partings and went on a still hunt through history and religion for them. Made the audience part with Julius Cæsar with regret, and had 'em sniffling at saying good-by to Napoleon and Jeff Davis. Made 'em feel that they'd lost their friends and their money, and then foreclosed the mortgage on the old homestead in a this-is-very-sad-but-I-need-the-money tone. In fact, when he had finished with Parting and was ready to begin on Sweet Sorrow, he had not only exhausted the subject, but left considerable of a deficit in it.

They say that the hour he spent on Sweet Sorrow laid over anything that the town had ever seen for sadness. Put 'em through every stage of grief from the snuffles to the snorts. Doc always was a pretty noisy preacher, but he began work on that head with soft-pedal-tremolo-stop preaching and wound up with a peroration like a steamboat explosion. Started with his illustrations dying of consumption and other peaceful diseases, and finished up with railroad wrecks. He'd been at it two hours when he got through burying the victims of his last illustration, and he was just ready to tackle his third head with its six subheads. But before he took the plunge he looked at his watch and glanced up sort of surprised:

"I find," he said, "that we have consumed more time with these introductory remarks than I had intended. We would all, I know, like to say good-by till to-morrow, did our dear young brother's plans permit, but alas! he leaves us on the 2:17. Such is life; to-day we are here, to-morrow we are in St. Louis, to which our young friend must return. Usually, I don't approve of traveling on the

A Few Slightly Scratched Sets



Books are Royal Octavo—About 11 inches tall

RIDPATH'S
History of the World

In cleaning up our stock preliminary to the season of 1903-04, we find a few slightly "rubbed" sets of **Ridpath's History of the World.** ¶There are only about fifty in all, and sooner than rebind such a small lot we prefer to dispose of them for what they would be worth to us with the covers torn off, and on payments of $2 a month.

If you'd like to possess the only world's history that reads like a story-book—yet is recognized by such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Vincent, and hundreds more, as a standard authority and the greatest historical reference work in existence—send for the free specimen book TO-DAY, using the coupon below.

That specimen book will tell you all about the history—How it came to be written, How it will interest and entertain you, Why you need it, And how you can secure one of the slightly rubbed sets at the value of the sheets without the bindings.

Ridpath's History of the World is a great big set of nine royal octavo volumes, with 4,000 illustrations and many maps and color-plates. You pay only $1 down. The complete set is sent at once. The rest you pay in monthly payments of $2. Cut the coupon off and send it to-day.

MERRILL & BAKER
PUBLISHERS
9 and 11 E. 16th St., New York

Cut this corner off along this line

S. E. P.

MERRILL & BAKER
9 and 11 E. 16th St.
New York

Without cost to me please send the [illegible] specimens of the [illegible] full par[illegible] slightly damaged

Name
Inquiry Coupon Address

Over 160,000 Copies

Still the Best Selling Book of the Year

LETTERS *from a* SELF-MADE MERCHANT *to His* SON *By George Horace Lorimer*

EVERY READER OF THE NEW SERIES OF OLD GORGON GRAHAM'S LETTERS will want to read this volume, which contains all of these letters heretofore written. Handsome Cloth Binding, 320 pages, fully illustrated. Price, postpaid, $1.50.

UNIVERSALLY PRONOUNCED THE WISEST AND WITTIEST BOOK OF ITS GENERATION

JUST ASK FOR IT TO-DAY!

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
12 Arrow St., Cambridge, Mass.

SUSPENDERS that support without restraint—GUYOT Suspenders. [illegible] Perfect every way. If not at your dealers send 50c for sample pair. OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y. City

INVENTIONS patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained [illegible] years experience. Send for [illegible]
PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
180 Broadway, New York City

Nature

never covered an animal's body with cotton or linen. Wool is the only substance possessing all the properties essential to the ideal covering for the human body

Wright's HEALTH Underwear

is made with an inside fleece composed of tiny loops of wool woven into the foundation fabric. This makes the most natural, hygienic and healthful underwear ever devised. It keeps in the warmth, takes up the perspiration, ventilates the skin and prevents colds.

Wright's Health Underwear costs no [illegible]

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO
78 Franklin St., New York.

TAILORING
On Credit
Suits $10
Made to Order and Measure, Fit Guaranteed for 10

Any honest man can get a suit, overcoat or pants of us made to exact measure on time payments, no matter where he lives. [illegible] select the cloth from [illegible] samples sent, embracing [illegible]

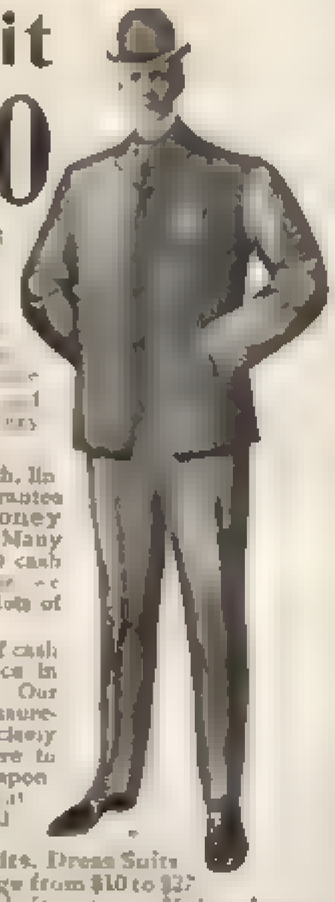
We Guarantee the cloth, linings, workmanship, fit—guarantee [illegible] and your money back if you are not satisfied. Many tailors charge from $25 to $40 cash for suits no better than [illegible] we make for $15, and you have lots of time in which to pay.

OUR TERMS are one-half cash with the order and the balance in four equal monthly payments. Our improved system of self-measurement insures perfect fit, precisely the same as if you came here to be measured. We take all responsibility. Return anything not satisfactory, and we will refund your money.

Our prices for Business Suits, Dress Suits, [illegible] and Uniforms range from $10 to $27. All garments are cut and made in our own Union shops. We refer you to any bank in your town or any Express Co. as to our responsibility. Agents Wanted.

Send for our FREE SAMPLES, Fashion Plate and Illustrated Booklet, explaining everything.

PULLMAN TAILORING CO., 151 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO



Hand Made Kenilworth Furniture

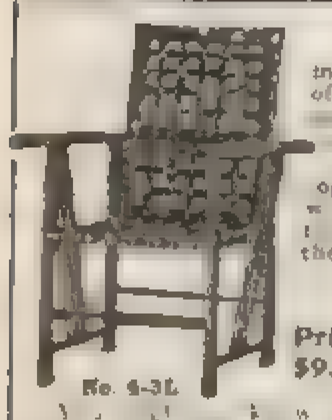
We've got a shop down here in Indiana that is making [illegible] of furniture that [illegible] to be [illegible] ogue of "Kenilworth" [illegible] the prices.

Price $9.25
No. 4-3L

[illegible] Line, too. This furniture is woven from material that will [illegible] is free.

No. 4 3L
Price $9.75

THE COOK COMPANY
408 Pine Street, Michigan City, Indiana



Sabbath, but in a case like this, where the reasons are very pressing, I will lay aside my scruples, and with a committee of deacons which I have appointed see our pastor emeritus safely off."

The Doc then announced that he would preach a series of six Sunday night sermons on the six best selling books of the month, and pronounced the benediction while the Higher Lifer and Deacon Wiggleford were trying to get the floor. But the committee of deacons had 'em by the coat tails, and after listening to their soothing arguments the Higher Lifer decided to take the 2:17 as per schedule. When he saw the whole congregation crowding round the Doc, and the women crying over him and wanting to take him home to dinner, he understood that there'd been a mistake somewhere and that he was the mistake.

Of course, the Doc never really preached on the six best selling books. That was the first and last time he ever found a text in anything but the Bible. Si Perkins wanted to have Deacon Wiggleford before the church on charges. Said he'd been told that this pastor emeritus business was Latin, and it smelt of popery to him; but the Doc wouldn't stand for any foolishness. Allowed that the special meeting had been called illegally and that settled it; and he reckoned they [illegible] leave the Deacon's case to the Lord. But just the same, the small boys used to worry Wiggleford considerably by going into his store and yelling: "Mother says she doesn't want any more of those pastor emeritus eggs," or, "She'll send it back if you give us any more of that dead line butter."

If the Doc had laid down that Sunday there'd probably have been a whole lot of talk and tears over his leaving, but in the end, the Higher Lifer or some other fellow would have had his job, and he'd have become one of those nice old men for whom every one has a lot of respect but no special use. As it was, he kept right on, owning his pulpit and preaching in it, until the Great Call was extended to him.

I'm a good deal like the Doc—willing to preach a farewell sermon whenever it seems really necessary, but some other fellow's.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM

* * *

"Me and John"

(Continued from Page 5)

that enabled him to make these purchases, they deemed it policy to let him acquire a pretty good block of stock at less than the market price. Then he brought up the subject of extending the line to touch the other railroad. The directors and other stockholders did not take kindly to this, and he made no attempt to force action, but he did compel discussion. The Gleason newspaper man was still a good friend of his, too. The Gleason newspaper man liked beer, and beer was cheap, as Burway confided to his son-in-law with a chuckle. A few bottles of beer, accompanied by a few alleged confidences, had helped him to success when he was trying to bring the trolley line to terms, and a small investment in beer might assist him with the railroad. The Gleason newspaper somehow was able to get hold of all the facts, and a few things that were not facts, in relation to the projected extension of the trolley line.

When Burway called on the railroad officials again they were quite ready to listen to him. He was a power now, and no mistake. He had considerable ready cash, some excellent collateral, and his credit was good. The trolley line had handled 4,000,000 bushels of grain the previous season, and it would handle much more this season. Burway controlled more now than he had before, and every bushel handled, whether he controlled it or not, paid him money. Then, too, he was getting a very respectable share of the profits of the trolley company.

"I was thinkin' you might be willin' to pay me a commission now," he remarked on the occasion of his second visit to the railroad officials.

They admitted that they had been led to see the error of their previous decision and would gladly make some concessions in order not to lose the business that had previously been theirs. Had he any suggestion to make?

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "seein' as how you're standin' all the expense an' I'm doin' pretty middlin' well anyhow, I ain't goin' to be hard on you. All I want is two per cent. o' the storage charges on all grain put in the elevator at Willard City, an' two

What You Eat You Are is a true saying. Worthless cereals are fully exposed in U. S. Gov't. analysis, sent free for postal card request. *Be wise in time.* Friends will remark your brilliance in conversation on topics of absorbing interest if you write
The Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, N. Y.

CADILLAC
Automobile
1903 $750

The Cadillac Runabout at $750 is the greatest value ever offered in the history of motor cars. No other machine is so strongly built, or has either engine, transmission gear or steering [illegible] worthy of comparison except those [illegible] about three times as much. Great speed [illegible] wonderful hill climber—the automobile that solves the problem of safe, rapid and [illegible] motor travel. Buggy top at $30 extra [illegible] tonneau providing seats for two more [illegible] *facing forward*—$100 extra. Illustrated booklet O sent free.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

More Heat - Less Fuel
THE NEW ERA RADIATOR

will save half your coal bill and give you a warmer, more evenly heated house.

Heat that is now entirely lost up the chimney can be utilized in rooms DISTANT from the stove or furnace.

Can be attached to furnace without visible pipes to disfigure rooms or hallway. (A new feature.)

Made in many styles, sizes and prices, using successfully hard or soft coal, wood or gas.

Write for illustrated booklet "A;" also send name and address of your dealer.

WILMOT CASTLE CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SAVE HALF YOUR HEATING EXPENSE

SEND FOR BOOKLET
BANKING BY MAIL

It tells you how you can save your money and earn

5 Per Cent. Annually

on it. Safe, reliable and simple. No risk. No speculative scheme. You can open account [illegible] by mail and receive the same care and attention as our local depositors. Our book describes the plan and will be sent on request.

The Owensboro Savings Bank & Trust Co.
Established 1871 Owensboro, Kentucky

GINSENG

Put in a Ginseng bed. Amazing profits; easily grown; hardy anywhere in the United States and Canada. Immense demand, meagre supply. Grown either on farm or in small garden. M[illegible] man took $15,000 worth off ½ acre last year.

IS WORTH $40,000 AN ACRE

We sell cultivated seed and plants. Send 4c in stamps for 56-page Book on enormous, easily-earned profit in Ginseng, and current issue of magazine, "The Ginseng Garden."

CHINESE-AMERICAN GINSENG CO.
Department D Scranton, Pennsylvania

Pendleton Indian Blankets $6.00 Express Paid

These fine, all wool, brightly colored, genuine Indian robes can now be secured *by mail order* if not sold by *your dry goods or furniture dealer.* American goods are much more popular than the Oriental—wear longer and colors are finer. We will send you any Indian robe in our catalog (illustrated in colors) with return privilege. Or you can send $6.00 draft to-day, suggesting colors wanted, and we will send *our best selection*, prepaid.

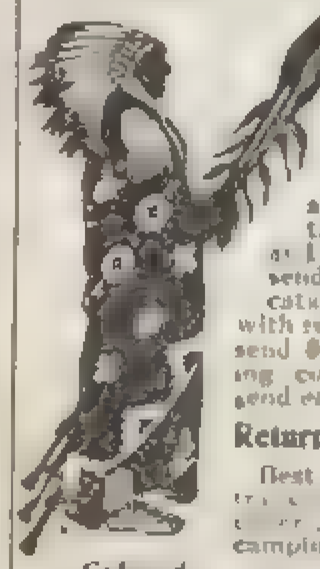
Returnable If Not Satisfactory

Best for traveling rugs, athletic [illegible] wraps, couch [illegible] and box throws, camping blankets and cosy corners.

Colored Catalog No. 200 FREE

[illegible] genuine *Indian robes in colors. FREE*

Pendleton Woolen Mills, Pendleton, Oregon
The only makers of genuine Indian robes



The New TIGLO Game

UNCLE SAM'S CABINETS

A game [illegible] give a better acquaintanceship with the great men [illegible] Best set [illegible] Money back if not satisfactory.

Goss Bros., 1631 O Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 50c

SAMPLE FOR STAMP

KLIP-KLIP

TRIMS, FILES, CLEANS,

THE POCKET MANICURE
SOLID GERMAN SILVER

Keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Sold everywhere or by mail for 25c

KLIP-KLIP CO., 576 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y.

You can't give your children their happy childhood [illegible] in case you die, they won't have to face the world struggle in poverty.

Send for booklet, "The How and the Why."
We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

FREE Beautiful Illustrated book (edition limited) describing greatest Fair in history and the V. W. F. Club, organized by prominent citizens to solve hotel problem. Room for 500 persons. *Refined, agreeable surroundings. Unique and interesting plan. Write at once to*

VISITORS WORLD'S FAIR CLUB
2029 E. Grand Ave. St. Louis, U. S. A.

per cent. o' the transportation charges on all grain that goes on to the mill at Gleason without bein' put in the elevator, an' the right to say what grain goes in the elevator, an' the first call on all cars in movin' grain from Willard City."

The railroad officials expostulated, even as the trolley manager had done, but Burway stuck to his terms. If they were accepted, he would agree to deliver not less that 4,000,000 bushels of grain—and probably a good deal more than that—every year, and it would be to his interest, as well as theirs, to hold this grain in the elevator as long as possible. In any event their road would do the transporting from Willard City, and there would be more of it to carry, for they were now reaching out for, and getting, grain that had formerly gone in the opposite direction to get to a railroad. If the terms were not accepted, he would see that the trolley line was pushed on to the other road, and thus he would be in position to divert, not only the grain that he controlled, but nearly every bushel produced in that vicinity. The trolley company could do this easily by the manipulation of rates—and Burway winked at the railroad officials, as if he would say, "You know how that is done."

When the railroad men suggested that this looked a good deal like an unlawful combination in restraint of trade and tending to create a monopoly, Burway replied promptly: "Oh, you don't look at it right. This here is only what me an' John calls 'friendly coöperation.'" And he won his point. His position was strong, and he had so manipulated people and events as to make it appear much stronger than it was.

And from that day people whose grain he did not control dated their really serious troubles. Ostensibly, they could go to the market as cheaply as any one else; in reality, they found it difficult to go at all. The trolley company never seemed to have any cars available when anybody but Burway wanted them, and when another did succeed in getting his grain through to Willard City he frequently was unable to get it into the elevator. If he decided, or was forced, to ship it on from Willard City he found that Burway had first call on all the cars there, and usually Burway wanted to ship at the same time. Thus many were forced to sell at any price they could get—and Burway got the grain.

Meanwhile Burway continued to do a lot of hard thinking.

"I suppose," his son-in-law said to him one day, "that you're satisfied now. You seem to have got the strangle hold on everything in this vicinity."

"Me an' John ain't never satisfied," replied Burway, "but I will admit this here is gettin' most too big for one man. I reckon I better incorporate myself. How'd you like to get into the Standard Grain Company on the ground floor, Bob?"

"I haven't the cash," explained Merrill.

"Put in your farm," advised Burway. "You kin see yourself there's more money in my end o' the business than there is in yours. You put in the farm, an' I'll make you general manager of the company at a salary that's more'n you're makin' now an' give you enough stock to double that. Things is goin' to happen here, Bob, an' you better tie up to me. I ain't goin' to see Maggie's husband get left any."

"Are you going to be the president of the company?" asked Merrill.

"I'm goin' to be the whole blamed thing," was the reply.

Merrill naturally accepted this offer, and others followed his lead. They could easily see that the Standard Grain Company was a big thing. There was more profit in a little of that stock than there was in a whole farm, and the farms became the property of the company in exchange for stock. But Burway, very naturally, was not so generous with others as he had been with his son-in-law, and he made some pretty close bargains. Still, none of those who had given control of their grain to him previous to the organization of the company suffered. There was no such amount of money in the scheme for them as there was for Burway, his son-in-law and two or three others whom Burway favored, but they were assured incomes quite as large as their farms ever had given them. The independent farmers who had insisted upon handling their own grain were the ones who suffered. If Burway had been able to make trouble for them before, he was now, with the increased power that the Standard Grain Company gave him, able to shut them almost entirely out of the market. No transportation line could live and do business in that district without his consent and coöperation, and even the mill at Gleason was dependent upon him.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

We are Proud of this Cup

This is a reduced photographic reproduction of our solid silver loving cup.
It stands eighteen inches high. It measures fifteen inches in diameter.

IN HOC SIGNO
THE
STUDENTS AND
OF THE
Page-Davis Company
Enrolled through the New York office
PRESENT THROUGH
Mr. Samuel A. Davis, President
THIS TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR APPRECIATION
KIND AND UNSPARING EFFORTS
Page-Davis Company
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT AND SUCCESS
New York, N.Y.

The first School of its Kind in the world received the first and only token of esteem and approval ever presented to a correspondence institution

Taught Thoroughly and Practically by Mail

Send for Our Prospectus Mailed FREE

THE joy that comes to parents when their boy has grown into a useful and an honorable manhood is full recompense for their hours of tireless vigil, their days of anxiety and care, and their years of constant effort and sacrifice—

His Success is their Reward

Our years of devotion to our chosen life-work,—advertisement-instruction,—encouraged us to look hopefully forward to the time when we could say with pride and gratification—

Every Page-Davis Student is a Success

This hope is now a pleasant realization. The appreciation of our students and graduates has found expression in a beautiful tribute—an elegant silver loving cup—which they have presented to their instructors.

This action speaks far more eloquently than words can tell or pen can write. We would, indeed, be selfish and thankless not to realize the depth of sincerity which prompted the presentation.

It was a burst of enthusiastic admiration, coming with the spontaneous unison of great applause. With us it is a matter of sentiment, extending beyond the petty pecuniary satisfaction of effervescent remuneration. But to you it bears a yet different aspect. Any doubt you may have felt regarding the merits of this institution must, in the light of the foregoing statement, have vanished as the fog before the sun. You can plainly see that such a testimonial from students whose only acquaintance with their instructors is through correspondence was not prompted by sentiment similar to that existing in schools where teachers and pupils become attached through long personal association. The social element did not enter into it. Few of these students had ever seen us. It was rather a tribute to us as teachers—an evidence of gratitude for what these students had been able to accomplish for themselves through our teaching. It proves to you that the quality of instruction received by these students is of the very highest order. It proves to you that every claim made by Page-Davis Company has been fulfilled; and that when you enroll with the Page-Davis Company you are taking no chances, nor are you trifling with your education. Such a voluntary, substantial expression of approval and gratitude on the part of our students should settle every doubt as to who are best able to impart to you advertisement writing. Your future progress and profit depend upon your present decision. We are glad to have you ask us, "What has Page-Davis Company done?" "What are they doing?" "What can they do for me?" We will answer promptly and completely. Write to us for our large prospectus—mailed free.

Page-Davis Company

(Address Either Office)

Suite 1018, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago   Suite 1510, 150 Nassau St., New York City

If he chose to send all his grain East — as he already sent a great part of it — the mill would find itself in a serious predicament. On the other hand, he could supply all the grain that it needed. A gentle hint from him and the mill would not buy of the independents, even when they could overcome the obstacles that lay in their path to it.

The independents capitulated and asked Burway to handle their grain. He refused. They offered him more than the three-cent rate he had first made, but he still refused. They asked to be taken into the Standard Grain Company on the same basis as the others, and he again refused.

"Me an' John don't do business that way," he said. "You had your chance an' you wouldn't take it. Now there ain't nothin' for you to do but sell."

"For stock?"

"No; for cash."

"We'd rather exchange the farms for stock and continue to live on them as the others do," they protested.

"We ain't takin' any more that way," he replied.

"How much will you give in cash?" they asked.

He named a ridiculously low figure.

"They're worth much more," they urged, although they knew he had them at his mercy.

"Not to you, while my company's controllin' transportation an' 'most everything else," he said.

"But they are to you."

"Me an' John," he explained, "don't calc'late to pay what things is worth to us, but only what they're worth to those that has to sell, an' we don't try to make 'em worth much at buyin' time. But I don't much care for the farms, anyway."

Nevertheless, he got the farms at his price, and he straightway turned them over to the Standard Grain Company in exchange for stock at a much higher valuation. Of course all the independents did not surrender at one time, but it soon became evident that the longer a man held out the nearer he got to bankruptcy and the less he got for his farm in the end, and that rather hurried matters. A few fought to the end and failed miserably, but all farms in time came under the control of the Standard Grain Company, and nearly all passed through Burway's hands in reaching the company, with the result that he very materially increased his holdings of stock.

When the last farm that was of any practical value to the company was secured he gave a sigh of relief.

"For a man that started in with jest enough to buy six teams an' six wagons I've done pretty well, Bob," he remarked. "The Standard Grain Company owns pretty near a county an' a third an' I come pretty near bein' the Standard Grain Company. Besides that, I got some little private deals o' my own that's makin' me some money. Y' see, me an' John ——"

Merrill suddenly backed the old man into a corner.

"I want to know who John is," he said earnestly. "We've heard about John until we're tired, and I'll admit that he's a mighty smart man, if he showed you how to do what you've done. But who is he?"

The old man gave his son-in-law a peculiar smile.

"Bob," he said, "I been figurin' on boostin' the price o' grain two cents an' then foundin' a great university. Now, don't ask me no more about John."

4%
BANKING
BY MAIL
4%
TELLER
US MAIL
4% INTEREST PAID

The great industries and numerous facilities for profitable investment in Pittsburg allow the payment of 4 per cent. interest on Savings Deposits and 2 per cent. on ordinary Checking Accounts. Interest compounded every six months.

CAPITAL — SURPLUS — PROFITS

$6,000,000.00

DEPOSITS

$10,000,000.00

Deposits received from $1.00 up. You can open an account and do all your

BANKING BY MAIL.

Write for Booklet No. 4.

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

FOR GIRLS' SHOES

Owing to the peculiar grain and porous nature of the leather, girls' shoes are extremely hard to polish and keep polished. There is nothing that produces as brilliant or lasting a shine as

BLACKOLA

SHOE POLISH

Shines quickly—easily, on any black leather—absolutely waterproof and does not rub off on the clothing. Oils, softens and **prevents the leather from cracking.** Try a box. 10c. everywhere or by mail from factory.

THE WORLD POLISH MFG. CO., Box 719, York, Pa.

Comfort and Luxury at all times and places
The **ORIGINAL** and mechanically perfect

STAR
Safety Razor

guarantees you not only comfort but luxury in your daily shave. If you are traveling, you will find it most convenient, perfectly safe, and easy to manipulate. During the hot weather it guarantees you against face rash or any other discomfort found by using a razor not in condition, which is apt to be the case while away from home.

The **Star Safety Razor,** as made by Kampfe Bros. (original inventors of the safety razor) for over 28 years, is used daily by over 3,000,000 people. This proves it to be a razor of merit. Imitators have tried to copy our razor, but if you insist upon getting the **"3 STARS"** (our trade-mark), you will be sure of satisfaction. Every razor is carefully tested before leaving our factory.

THE NEW STAR STROPPER guarantees absolute perfection to the user of the razor. *Send for catalogue.*
Razors, Complete, $2.00. New Star Stropper, $1.50
Sets, $3.50 and up.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., New York
Or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery.
Please mention this publication.

Uneeda
Milk Biscuit

Sure to taste good
Certain to do good
Try them with milk
It's a diet to thrive on

5c in the In-er-seal Package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

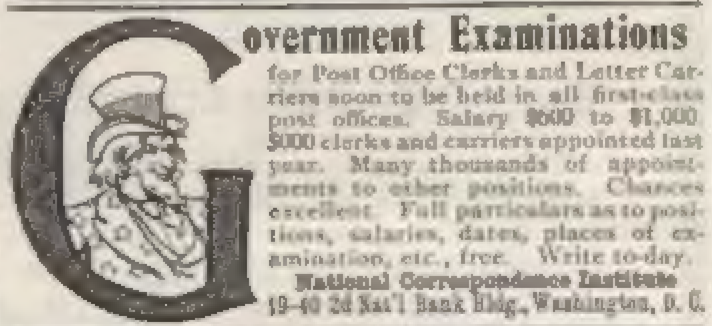
Sunny Shores and Sunny Slopes

HAWAII

Unrivalled in Equable Climate
Unequalled in variety of Scenic Resort
Unexcelled Tourists' Accommodations
Unsurpassed in Fertility of Soil
Before fixing your Winter or Summer Itinerary

Hear of Hawaii!

Full information from all railroads, or
Hawaii Promotion Committee
Representing the Territory of Hawaii Chamber of Commerce Merchants Association, Honolulu, T. H.



Government Examinations for Post Office Clerks and Letter Carriers soon to be held in all first-class post offices. Salary $600 to $1,000. 5000 clerks and carriers appointed last year. Many thousands of appointments to other positions. Chances excellent. Full particulars as to positions, salaries, dates, places of examination, etc., free. Write to-day.
National Correspondence Institute
19-40 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
J. W. COCKRUM, 537 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

SALESMEN WANTED Our line of advertising thermometer and calendar novelties for the season of 1903 and 1904 is now ready. Send us 10 cents in stamps for sample catalogue and terms.
TAYLOR BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

We Want Ladies to sell the newest things in dress goods to their friends at prices far below retail, and to pay us for goods after delivering to their customers; send stamp for samples.
NOVELTY DRESS GOODS COMPANY
19 West Union Square, New York

The "Best"
The World's Best Light

Sold in every civilized country on earth. Costs less than kerosene, gives six times more light than electricity.

A Pure White Steady Light

Makes and burns its own gas. No wick, no odor, no smoke. Absolutely safe. For indoor and outdoor use.

Agents Wanted

Exclusive territory, liberal commissions. Catalog free.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
Owners of Original Patents.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio

I CAN SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE no matter where it is or what it is worth. Send description, state price and learn my wonderfully successful plan.
W. M. OSTRANDER
384 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA

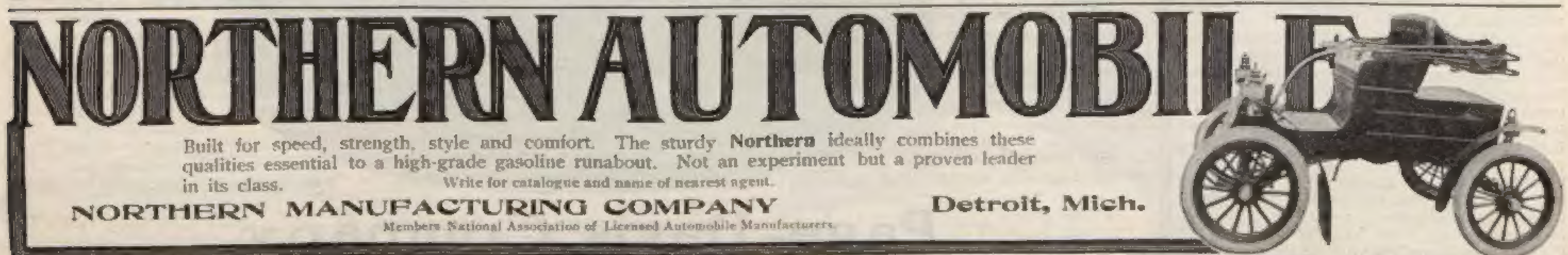
100 VISITING CARDS Post paid **35c**
Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" FREE! Also **business and professional** cards. **WEDDING INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS.**
E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 21, ST. LOUIS, MO.

STOP FORGETTING Send today for **FREE** trial copyrighted lesson and Booklet, "How to Remember."
DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 932 Auditorium, Chicago.

100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FREE to any collector applying for our fine approval sheets at 50 per cent. com. and enclosing 2c. postage; 152 varieties, including Servia, 10c.; 1000 mixed, 25c.; 10 Salvador, 10c. *LARGE PRICE LIST FREE.*
NEW ENGLAND STAMP COMPANY, 9K Bromfield St., Boston

STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Tunis, etc., **and ALBUM, only 10c.** 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 65 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. 1903 List **FREE.**
C. A. Stegman, 5942 Cote Brilliante Av., St. Louis, Mo.

GINSENG $25,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and Seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A-R, telling all about it. **McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.**

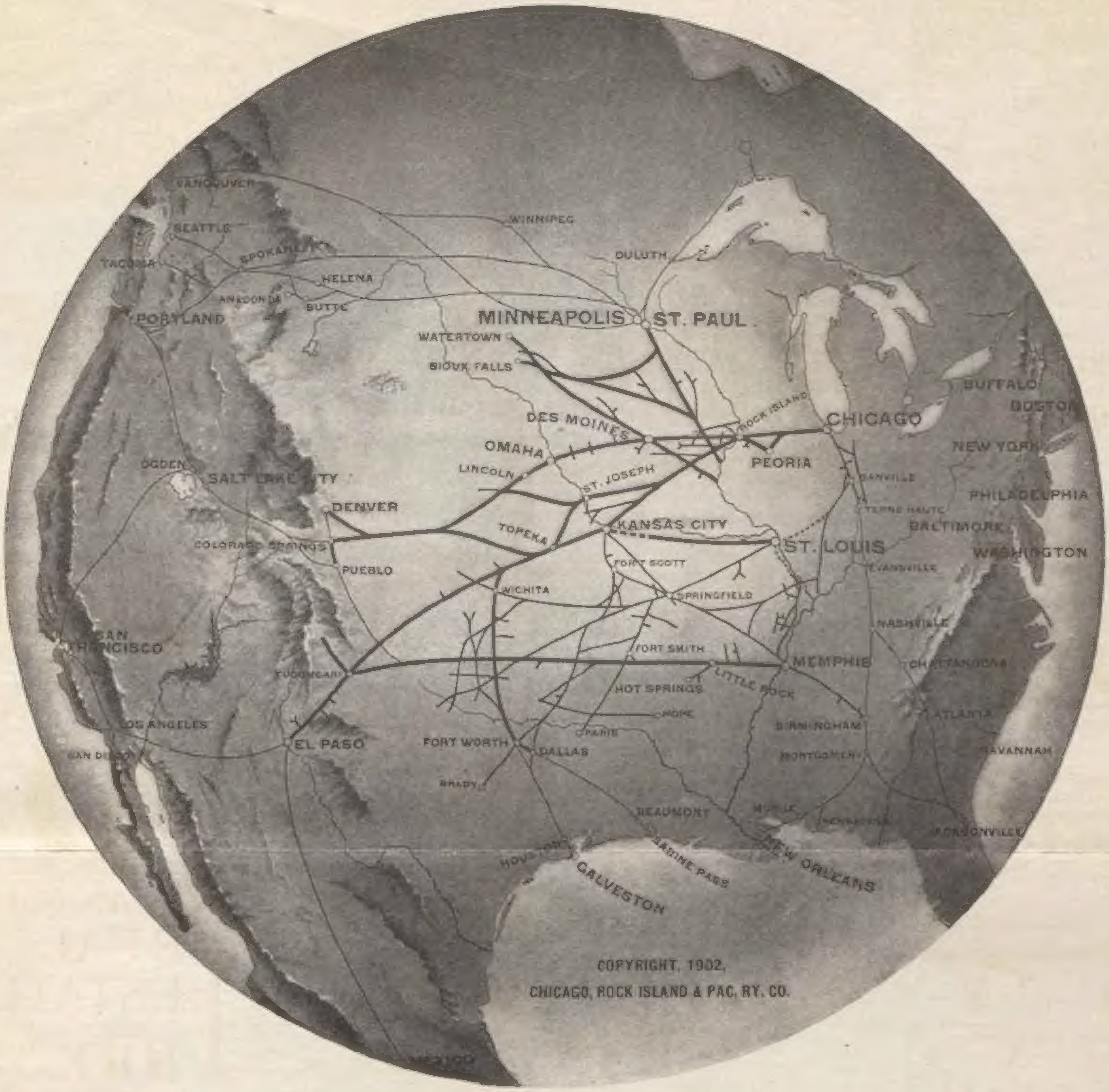


NORTHERN AUTOMOBILE

Built for speed, strength, style and comfort. The sturdy **Northern** ideally combines these qualities essential to a high-grade gasoline runabout. Not an experiment but a proven leader in its class.
Write for catalogue and name of nearest agent.

NORTHERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY **Detroit, Mich.**
Members National Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS Comfort and service. Guaranteed — "All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231, Shirley, Mass.


VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
TACOMA
SPOKANE
HELENA
ANACONDA
BUTTE
PORTLAND
WINNIPEG
DULUTH
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
WATERTOWN
SIOUX FALLS
DES MOINES
ROCK ISLAND
CHICAGO
BUFFALO
BOSTON
NEW YORK
OMAHA
LINCOLN
ST. JOSEPH
PEORIA
DANVILLE
PHILADELPHIA
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
DENVER
TOPEKA
KANSAS CITY
TERRE HAUTE
BALTIMORE
COLORADO SPRINGS
PUEBLO
ST. LOUIS
EVANSVILLE
WASHINGTON
FORT SCOTT
WICHITA
SPRINGFIELD
SAN FRANCISCO
NASHVILLE
FORT SMITH
TUCUMCARI
MEMPHIS
CHATTANOOGA
LITTLE ROCK
HOT SPRINGS
HOPE
LOS ANGELES
BIRMINGHAM
ATLANTA
SAN DIEGO
EL PASO
FORT WORTH
PARIS
DALLAS
MONTGOMERY
SAVANNAH
BRADY
BEAUMONT
MOBILE
PENSACOLA
JACKSONVILLE
HOUSTON
SABINE PASS
NEW ORLEANS
GALVESTON
COPYRIGHT, 1902,
CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PAC. RY. CO.
MEXICO

Are You Looking for a Location?

We want the names and addresses of 10,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are dissatisfied with their present surroundings and are anxious to make a change for the better.

We cannot undertake to find employment for them, or to assist them in starting in business, but we can — and will — help them to the extent of giving them such information as will be of great benefit.

The condition is this: Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas need more men. In these states and territories are vast areas of unimproved and unoccupied land — land which does not yield the crops Nature intended it should. The same thing, in a different way, prevails in the towns and cities. Few lines of business are adequately represented. There are openings of all sorts — for mills and manufacturing plants; for drug, grocery and dry-goods stores; for banks and lumber yards. Mechanics are needed. Professional men are in demand.

The other side of the story is this: The East is overcrowded. Competition is keen. Expenses are high. Opportunities are few.

Rock Island System

The common-sense solution of the problem is to induce twenty or thirty thousand men and women who now live East to move West. And that is what we are trying to accomplish.

"Going West" is not half as big an undertaking as one would suppose. Oklahoma and Indian Territory are less than two days from Chicago and have been settled long enough to enable residents to provide themselves with all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life. The towns are well built, the people are law-abiding and the climate has no superior anywhere on the continent. The winters are mild, and while the summers are hot the heat is not exhausting and the nights are always cool.

Here is my suggestion: Write me a letter stating what line of business you wish to engage in, how much money you have and where you prefer to locate. As soon as I can, I will place before you full and complete information as to desirable locations. You can then decide for yourself whether or not you wish to "try the Southwest."

The Rock Island System has no lands to sell, and its only object in encouraging immigration to the Southwest is to do its share in the up-building of that section.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

GUARANTEED
Quality always
the same

When you think
of FLOUR
Think of GOLD MEDAL

Washburn-Crosby Co.
MINNEAPOLIS.